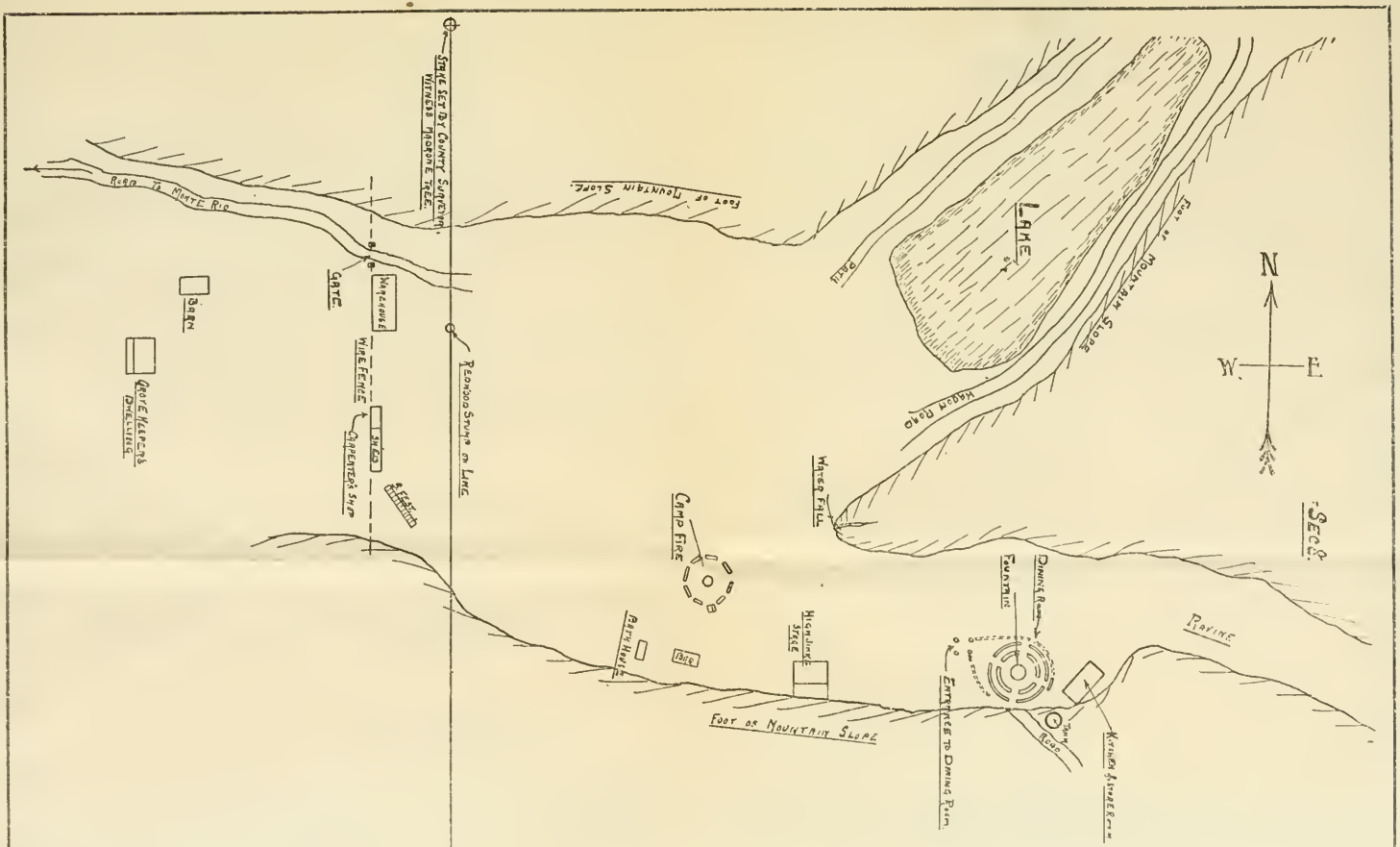

THE BOHEMIAN GROVE—Scale: 1 inch=120 feet

NOTE. — The Grove extends for about a mile to the North where its boundary is defined by the Russian River.

THE BOHEMIAN JINKS

A Treatise

THE STAGE IN DAYTIME

The BOHEMIAN JINKS

A Treatise

By
PORTER GARNETT

BOHEMIAN CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO
M·CM·VIII

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The author expresses his grateful acknowledgment for permission to write this treatise granted on February 8, 1908, by the Board of Directors of the Bohemian Club constituted as follows:

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IN PREFACE

THE grove-plays of the Bohemian Club in their present type, which they have reached only after a gradual development of thirty years, present what must be acknowledged to be a significant phenomenon in art. That this growth toward something distinctive should have taken place here in California, where we are sufficiently far away from the rest of the world, and whither sophistication in art reluctantly perveues, is, in a way, extraordinary; and yet it is our very isolation that is at the root of the creative impulse displayed in these forest dramas.

The Midsummer High Jinks, as they are called, of the Bohemian Club have carried the name of the organization over seas until, among a certain class of persons in every part of the world, it is as familiar as

that of the city in which it has its home. Unfortunately the annual encampments of the Bohemians are associated in some persons' minds with the license of a Dionysiac revel, and the woodland performances with which they end have been given a factitious celebrity which militates against their serious consideration as works of art.

These grove-plays are known to many who are unaware of their higher importance, while, to many who would sense their significance, they are unknown. The purpose of this book, therefore, is to introduce to the public a subject with which, in the nature of things, it can have no intimate acquaintance; a subject, moreover, which it is proper to bring to the attention of students of dramatic literature.

I am indebted for valuable information

concerning the early festivals of the club to Mr. Hugh M. Burke, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow, Dr. H. J. Stewart and Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, the official historiographer and author of The Annals of The Bohemian Club. *To these, and to many others who have enlightened me on minor details, I wish to express my sincere thanks.*

P. G.

Berkeley, July 8, 1908.

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THE BOHEMIAN JINKS
A Treatise

I—*The Setting*

On the Saturday night nearest the full of the moon of August—sometimes in July and, in former years, as early as June—a dramatic and musical performance is given in a redwood forest in California by members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, an organization which, at one time made up chiefly of artists and writers, still has in its membership a fairly large representation of men who practice the arts.

These woodland productions are called the *Midsummer High Jinks*, a title inherited from early and less formal festivals of the club, but which, with its frivolous connotations, is ill-suited to the dignified performances of recent years. The Bohemian Club owns the forest in which its festivals take place, and it is known as "The Grove;" the title of Grove-Play, therefore, which is not infrequently used by members in alluding to the jinks, although imperfectly descriptive of these performances, will be used in the present

treatise to indicate the type of woodland productions now given by the Bohemians in contradistinction from the earlier and less complex type for which the title of High Jinks will be retained.

The text of the grove-play is written by a member of the club, usually a poet, and the music which is of equal importance is also the work of a member. Members, also, take the parts and only members and visitors holding cards of membership are permitted to witness the performance. Women are rigidly excluded. The play is the culmination of an encampment lasting a fortnight, and the length of time that a Bohemian may devote to this annual outing varies from one day to the whole period of two weeks.

The Performance

It is nine o'clock at night when the performance begins. Six hundred men are gathered in a spacious glade of the redwood forest. Rows of redwood logs are used for seats. All is darkness save for a group of tiny shaded lights that make the figures of the men and their surroundings dimly visible. They are the lights for the musicians in the orchestra-pit. Beyond them is a stage innocent of scenery except that supplied

by Nature. On either side of this stage two immense trees forming the proscenium stretch upward into the greater darkness overhead, where the black masses of their foliage, mingling with the foliage of their fellows, are vaguely outlined against an indigo sky. On all sides great trunks—ten, fifteen feet in diameter, two hundred, three hundred feet in height—tower aloft. At the back of the stage is an abrupt hillside covered with a dense growth of shrubs and small trees, picked out here and there with the shafts of redwood. Amid the tangle of brake and brush, the trail, which the eye can scarcely see by day, winds its devious course.

But now all beyond the huge trees at the front of the stage is dark and mysterious, like the transept of some great cathedral, lighted only by the candles that burn on the altar. All is in readiness. For this moment the members of the club have been waiting for a year; that is, since the performance of the last grove-play. Toward this moment those actively engaged in the preparation of the production—author, composer, actor, singer, supernumerary—have been laboring assiduously for months. For many of the spectators this moment brings with it the crowning pleasure of a fortnight of camp life;

for others, less fortunate, it is the diversion of the week-end.

Everything is tuned to the occasion—the hush and the darkness, the majesty of the ancient trees, the subtle perfumes of the forest in the soft night air. It is the atmosphere of poetry; it is beauty, peace. The psychical key of the time and place is thus charmingly suggested by Will Irwin in the prologue of *The Hamadryads,* the grove-play of 1904:

> Gather, ye forest-folk, and cast your spells
> Over these mortals. Touch their world-blind eyes
> With fairy unguents. Open their eyes of fancy.
> Lull all their memories of yesterday
> And seal the gates of sorrow. Waken brothers!
> Waken, ye gentle spirits of hill and stream!
> The magic hour arrives. Begins the dream.

Now, far above the crests of the lofty trees, the moon glides into view, making lacework of their leafage, and dappling the forest floor with jagged patches of soft light amid shadows denser than before. Suddenly out of the stillness the rippling of viols is heard; the *cclli* drone and with

> Braying of arrogant brass; whimper of querulous reeds,

the orchestra throbs its harmonies through the

APPEARANCE OF THE NAIAD—"THE HAMADRYADS" (1904)

aisles of the free forest; they mount the hillside and are flung back again, echoing among the trees, and the night is filled with music.

Slowly, mysteriously, the only curtain—which is one of darkness—is lifted, and the stage is lighted by artificial means, cunningly disguised, augmenting the placid rays of the moon. The action of the play begins. Now the voice of an actor rises rhythmically in a passage of poetry; now a troup of choristers sing a mighty chant while the orchestra leaps to their aid with a great volume of sound that fills every recess of the grove. Splendid figures, in auras of light that seem to emanate from their persons, appear at various points on the hillside and take part in the action; a band of dancers run upon the stage and perform a sylvan dance with gracile wavings of branches or the clinking of cymbals. Again and again, through this fabric of poetry, music, and spectacle, the maleficent Spirit of Care obtrudes his hideous presence uttering threats and vituperation only to be discomfited in the end by some god or hero who personifies the spirit of goodness and right, and who is the savior of the grove and its denizens. This *dénouement,* achieved in allegory or by symbolism, is finally resolved by the death of Care.

There is something in the spiritual content of this composite art—poetry, music, *mise-en-scène,* aided by the ministry of Nature, the spell of the forest and of the night—that subjugates the soul. It exerts a subtle hypnotism over the emotions; it leads one gently through its mysteries, only to whelm the visual sense at the end with a spectacle which sophistication cannot rob of its surpassing wonder. This is the illumination of the hillside which is coincident with the end of the performance. Gradual, at first—a rosy glow on the far hill-top—it grows in unison with the music until, with the chorus and orchestra on the last triumphal chord, the hillside is swept with an avalanche of light and the grove-play is over. The ceremony known as the *Cremation of Care* follows, after which there is a midnight supper and, still later, the low jinks.

In the Beginning

It was on Saturday, June 29, 1878, that something less than a hundred members of the Bohemian Club, which had been in existence for six years, conducted in the woods near Taylorville, Sonoma County, California, the first midsummer high jinks. This festivity was hardly

more than a nocturnal picnic arranged for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. Henry Edwards, better known as Harry Edwards, actor, entomologist, and sometime president of the club. The camp was without many comforts, but the campers were well supplied with the traditional Bohemian spirit the factors of which are intellect, taste, conviviality, self-indulgence, and the joy of life. They were also provided with blankets to keep them warm and a generous supply of liquor for the same purpose. The decorations consisted of a modest quantity of Japanese lanterns. Although extremely unpretentious, the affair, according to the testimony of the "Old Guard," was none the less enjoyable.

From this small beginning has grown, in the course of thirty-one years, the impressive ceremony which now takes place every summer in the club's own grove near Guerneville, on the Russian River. This grove consists of two hundred and forty acres of forest land which became the property of the club by purchase in 1899. It is situated seventy-five miles from San Francisco and is reached by two railroads, one of which has its terminus four miles from the grove, to which, on the occasion of the Bohemian encampment, a special train is run, and the other

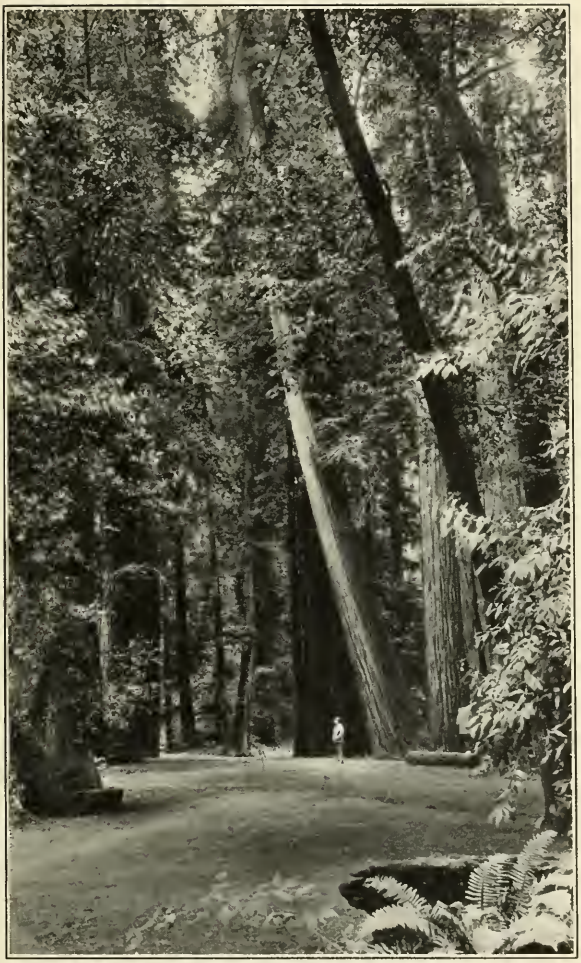
passes a station that is less than one mile distant from the club property.

The Grove

The grove itself is a spot that one calls beautiful with a sense that the word is inadequate. To see it for the first time is to be filled with a wonder that is never lost though one returns to it again and again. To quote Mr. Irwin once more:

> You come upon it suddenly. One step and its glory is over you. There is no perspective; you cannot get far enough away from one of these trees to see it as a whole. There they stand, a world of height above you, their pinnacles hidden by their topmost fringes of branches or lost in the sky.

It is, moreover, singularly well adapted to the purposes to which it is dedicated. Lying at the meeting point of two cañons, it is begirt with sudden hills that wear a perennial garment of laurel, huckleberry, and fern, from which rise the great shafts of redwoods. One gets an instant sense of seclusion upon entering the grove. The circumvallating hills and the towering trees with their heavy foliage shut out not only the careful world but the expanse of sky. Many of the largest and tallest of these trees spring from the level floor of the grove, and have been so



IN THE GROVE

arranged by Nature as to form a series of circular glades. In one of the largest of these are the dining tables in concentric circles, and here on the night of the grove-play some six hundred members of the club and their guests sit down to a dinner very nearly as good in point of *menu* and service as they enjoy in their city club-house. The tables are lighted by means of acetylene gas. In the centre of the circle a fountain plays.

In another part of the grove is the campfire, placed in the centre of a well of great trees. Around it in a circle sixty feet in diameter are set a number of seats hewn from enormous logs five feet from bark to bark. At one point in the circumference of this circle is a low platform, rudely built, on which stands a piano masked by a rustic screen. Here the singers and musicians of the club may be heard in impromptu solos during the sunny lounging hours of the day. At such times the seats in the circle are occupied by groups of men chatting or reading newspapers, or merely basking in the sun, grateful for the boon of existence in such surroundings. At night when, from the flames of a roaring campfire a swarm of sparks like tiny quivering leonids stream upward and vanish, the circle is the general gathering-place, and there informal con-

certs are conducted. On the Friday night immediately preceding the climacteric event, the performance in the campfire circle is a formal affair in which not only the members take part, but also such entertaining guests as may be present.

Not far from the circle is a rustic building which contains the bar, and in the immediate vicinity are the writing-tent, the barber-shop, and the bath-house. In this last are tubs and showers provided with hot water. On the river, reached by a beautiful walk of half a mile, which does not take one outside of the grove, is another bath-house on the bank of the swimming-hole, and here a great many members take a daily dip.

Hanging on the hillside that overlooks the river is the club-house, a picturesque building with wide verandas and equipped with everything needful for the house-parties that go to the grove for week-ends during the year. Three cabins near by provide sleeping quarters. Here, also, the members who go to the grove prior to the regular encampment for the purpose of preparing the jinks are housed.

The club-house which, as we have seen, is near the river and consequently some distance from the campfire circle—the center of camp-

life—is not used during the encampment when everyone sleeps in tents. These tents are scattered along winding avenues which, for the most part, radiate from the campfire circle. A number, however, are pitched on one of the hillsides. The tents vary in color, arrangement, and size, from the smallest, accommodating two persons, to large pavilions with sleeping compartments and a central lounging space. They are generally erected on portable platforms, though in some cases the foundation structure is permanent. Of such are the hillside camps. Many of the tents are decorated with Japanese lanterns, and in some of them grill suppers and other entertainments are held. Most of the members who attend the encampments regularly own their tents, but, to those who do not, tents are rented by the club, as well as cots, mattresses, pillows, tables, chairs, lanterns, pails, basins, and dippers. All members are obliged to supply their own bedclothes and towels. The minimum cost to a member is $10 which purchases transportation, lodging, and subsistence from Saturday evening until Sunday afternoon, a regular *per diem* charge of $2.50 for subsistence is levied for additional days spent in camp. The same

arrangements apply to non-members holding visitors' cards, except that the initial charge is $25 instead of $10.

The Encampment

On the first day of the encampment, twenty or thirty clubmen may go to the grove to spend the full fortnight. This number increases from day to day until on the Friday preceding the performance the camp will number three or four hundred souls. On Saturday, a special train brings those who can spare but a single day, and the population is swelled to six hundred or over. The organization and equipment of such a camp has, in late years, assumed colossal proportions and involves the expense of many thousands of dollars. An army of servants is employed and the housing, or rather the tenting, of this large number of members, who expect from their club perfect service and every comfort, is a task that calls for the greatest diligence and a high order of efficiency. The office of Captain of the Camp, which carries with it not only the duties of quartermaster but of general superintendent as well, has fallen, for some years and during a period when the work has been most severe,

upon the shoulders of Mr. William Letts Oliver, for whose resourcefulness, capacity, and patience there can be no adequate praise.

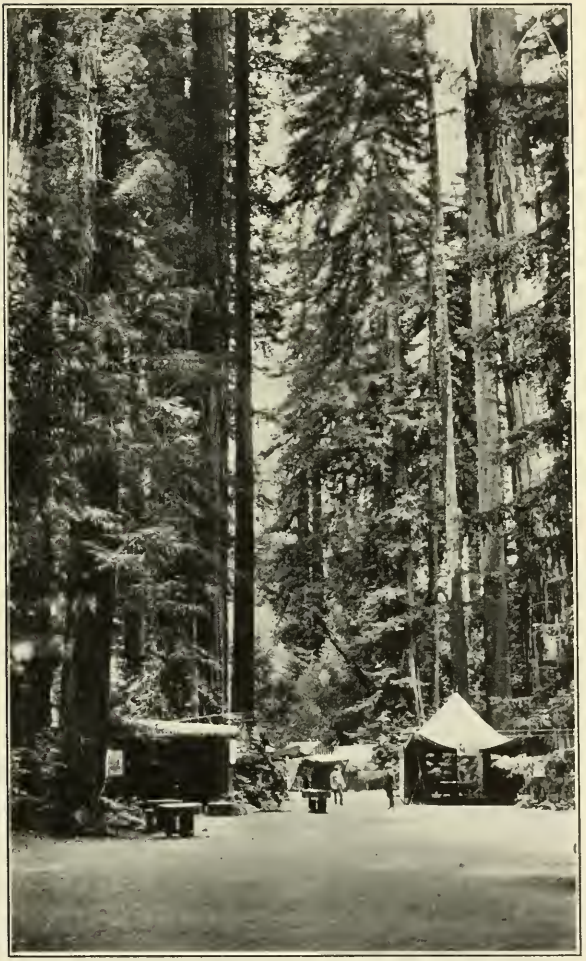
It is not an uncommon thing for travellers to so arrange their itineraries that they will be in California at the time of the Bohemian outing which, if they come with letters to a member of the club, they may be privileged to see. The members themselves who reside in the Eastern states sometimes cross the continent to attend the encampment, and occasionally one hears of a wanderer in Europe bending his course homeward in order to reach California in time for the annual festival.

Camp Art

Some of the artists in the club play an important part, not only in the staging of the plays but in the activities of the camp. In a clump of redwoods near the campfire circle is an open-air studio where the artists who volunteer their services for the encampment produce a variety of cartoons and posters—usually in distemper—with which the camp is decorated. Many of these are caricatures and are used by members as personal signs and

exposed at their lodgings. In 1903, when *Montezuma*, an Aztec play, was produced, the camp signs, to be in keeping with the character of the drama, were in the the form of fantastic glyphographs. The following year, a Greek play, *The Hamadryads*, gave an Hellenic tone to the decorations; the roads took the names of the Muses—ΌΔΟΣ ΚΑΛΛΕΙΟΠΗ, ΌΔΟΣ ΕΥΦΡΟΣΥΝΗ; the circle was Ή ΑΓΟΡΑ; the dining place Ό ΤΡΙΚΛΙΝΟΣ. A particularly elaborate decoration was executed for the bar—ΤΟ ΚΑΠΗΛΕΙΟΝ.

For many days two Bohemians labored in secret in a warehouse on the outskirts of the grove painting an enormous canvas in the form of a Greek pediment. On this were a number of life-size figures, caricatures of members of the club who, classically nude, rendered reverence to Bacchus. Early in the morning of the last and most eventful day of the encampment, the perpetrators of this conceit erected it with supporting Doric columns over the bar. The amazement of the other members when they appeared for breakfast a little later was fully as great as that of the good Chinamen who beheld the wonderful palace of Aladdin built in a single night.



THE BAR, BARBER SHOP, AND WRITING TENT

The best cartoons painted in the grove are framed and put on the walls of the city clubhouse. A more serious and important commemorative cartoon is also painted for all jinks by an artist selected by the sire and added to the club's collection which, prior to the disaster in 1908, was a large and interesting one.

The Stage

We come now to the grove's most important and most distinctive feature, the stage. It is situated at the foot of a wooded hillside and, as has been already said, is framed by the trunks of enormous trees that form a natural proscenium. In front is an orchestra-pit large enough to accommodate the fifty or more musicians employed in the production. These are the best professionals that can be engaged in San Francisco. The hillside rises abruptly from the back of the stage, and on it is a series of platforms, completely masked by foliage, where parts of the action take place. This stage or set of stages which calls for, and admits of, different treatment from all others, has its chiefest dissimilarity in what may be called its vertical character. The action may take place here, not at one, two, or

three elevations, but at ten, or even more if necessary. It is possible, of course, to compass on such a stage effects that cannot be produced in the ordinary theatre, and the productions invented for it are usually shaped to its magnificent possibilities.

A rugged trail, concealed by underbrush, ascends the inclined portion of the stage in a zigzag course to a point over a hundred feet in a straight line from the lowest platform and at an elevation above it of some sixty feet. But these figures are deceptive, for both of the distances seem to be much greater, particularly at night. The hillside is a natural sounding-board, and the acoustics of the place are so good that words spoken in a normal tone from the highest point on the trail by a person whose voice has ordinary carrying power, can be distinctly heard at the back of the auditorium glade.

II—*History and Development*

Before essaying anything in the way of a specific description of the grove-plays, it is necessary to go back to the beginning, not of the midsummer jinks which, as we have seen, began in 1878, but to those earlier entertainments of the club which began almost as soon as it was organized. These are known as house-jinks to distinguish them from the forest festivals. The *Christmas Jinks* of to-day is modelled closely upon the old affairs. The Sire (a title bestowed upon the master of ceremonies) who, at Christmas time, is always the president of the club, appoints a subject upon which he invites members of his own selecting to read papers or poems, and summons the club by proclamation to attend the jinks over which, when the time comes, it is his duty to preside. The early jinks of this character, which were supposed to take place on the last Saturday of each month, were usually devoted to the exposition of the work of a given author as, for example, the *Shakespeare Jinks*, the *Dickens Jinks*. The first of which any record has been kept was the *Tom Moore and Offenbach*

Jinks, Daniel O'Connell, Sire, held November 30, 1872. A number of jinks and receptions had been held before this time by the Bohemian Club, but Mr. O'Connell's literary and musical entertainment seems to have been the first one for which an announcement was issued. In these early days the term "high jinks" was almost invariably used; it was not long, however, before the introduction of what was called the low jinks. This took place after the supper that followed the high jinks and was, for many years, entirely impromptu, the sire being appointed on the spot, and the contributors being called upon without warning. The evolution from this type of entertainment to a more or less formal affair such as the Christmas jinks of today—burlesque, or pantomime, with rehearsals, costumes, scenery, and all the accessories of a regular theatrical performance—was an inevitable development.

At an early date in its history the club selected the owl as its Patron, and the bird of wisdom has always been the motive of Bohemian art and song. It often plays an important part in the jinks as will be seen.

Early Jinks

It was Mr. Hugh M. Burke who made the

suggestion that led the Bohemians into the woods for their first midsummer jinks in 1878. At this encampment the ceremony, such as it was, resembled in its general characteristics the older house-jinks, save for the added freedom and zest imparted by the surroundings. There were addresses and songs and such merrymaking as the impulse of the moment suggested. The outing was so thoroughly enjoyed that it was resolved to repeat the experience and on June 28th of the next year, the second forest jinks and the first to take place in the redwoods, was held, Mr. Burke being the sire. The extreme simplicity of this affair is interesting in view of the elaborate and complex productions of which it was the genesis. It consisted of an address of welcome by the sire, some casual singing, and two speeches. After this everybody was advised to take a walk up the cañon to inspect the illumination of a waterfall which some of the artists had decked with Japanese lanterns.

With the midsummer jinks of 1881, James F. Bowman, Sire, the ceremony of the Cremation of Care was conducted for the first time. Of this and its important bearing on the grove-plays of the present day more will be said.

The midsummer jinks of 1884 is described in a contemporary account as follows:

The Bohemians grouped themselves about the amphitheatre [this was before the hillside was used] in readiness for the exercises. These latter were opened with a forest hymn by the band, which marched in twenty-five strong, with flaming torches in their caps. Then followed the address of welcome, and after that came prepared addresses, original poems, and recitations, interspersed with instrumental music and a number of glees by a well-balanced chorus. This part of the programme lasted nearly two hours. It was then announced by the sire that the ceremonial of the Cremation of Care was about to commence.

Growth

The next step in the development of the midsummer jinks may be thus described: the sire, having devised a plan or framework, would invite some of his fellow members to clothe the skeleton which they would do by contributing original papers or poems, by singing songs or furnishing a musical interlude. All of these various elements were woven together as parts of a performance given in costume and with the aid of various spectacular effects. The most noteworthy of this type of jinks were: *The Festival of the Leaves,* known as the *Buddha*

THE CAMPFIRE CIRCLE

Jinks, in 1892 (for which a colossal *Dai Butsu,* modelled after the original in Japan, was erected by Mr. Marion Wells, a sculptor and a member of the club); *The Sacrifice in the Forest,* or *Druid Jinks,* in 1893, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Sire; and the *Gypsy Jinks,* in 1894, Mr. Peter Robertson, Sire. The following extract is from a contemporary account of the *Druid Jinks:*

> Mr. Redding's plot dates back to the beginning of the Christian era and embodies the birth of brotherly love, the conversion of the Druids from their practice of bloody sacrifice and the cremation of the Bohemian enemy, Care, in the face of the protest of the Devil. The conception was worked out in its entirety by the sire, save for the main speeches of the principals, who were requested to furnish their own papers in the parts of the theme assigned them.

Thus the form of the midsummer jinks became to a certain degree established as a composite production of several men. As such it approached nearer and nearer to the play type. This is exemplified by *The Sacrifice in the Forest,* by Mr. Redding and the *Gipsy Jinks,* by Mr. Robertson, for many years dramatic critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

A little later, Captain Robert Howe Fletcher presented a jinks that had a libretto devised chiefly as a vehicle for a series of tableaux, and

the *Faust Jinks*, Dr. H. J. Stewart, Sire, given in 1897, was built upon Gounod's opera.

The New Form

These early attempts toward dramatic form were really symtomatic of the significant step that was taken in 1902 when *The Man in the Forest*, by Mr. Charles K. Field, with music by Mr. Joseph D. Redding, was given. Here we have for the first time a jinks, or, in reality, a play or masque, the libretto of which was entirely the work of one man, accompanied by specially composed music by another member of the club. In this we see the first Bohemian grove-play as a distinct *genre* of stage art.

This important departure came about in the following manner: The usual composite jinks was contemplated; it was to be Indian in character; a number of conferences were held; and the question of using the music of a certain light opera was entertained. The sire, Mr. Richard M. Hotaling, asked Mr. Field to do the writing of the jinks, but there was no concrete scheme evolved until Mr. Amèdée Joullin, one of the artist members, suggested to Mr. Field a certain Indian legend. This crystallized in Mr. Field's

mind instantly, and Mr. Redding, caught in the stream of enthusiasm, volunteered to write the music. The result of this collaboration was *The Man in the Forest*, the first grove-play.

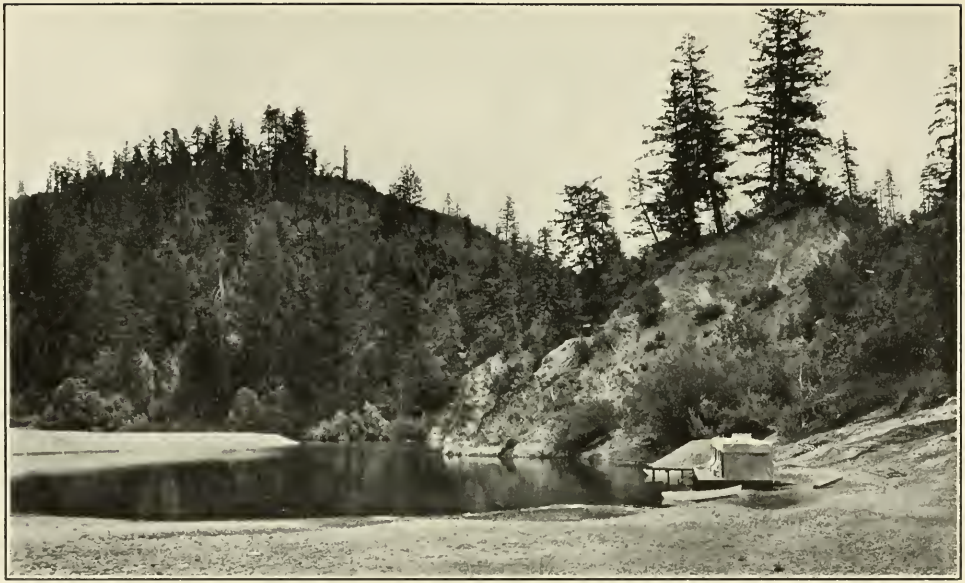
This play was at once a revolution and a revelation. It not only established a precedent for Bohemian Club productions, but (and this is a matter of far greater importance) it marked the point of divergence of a new form of stage art which subsequent sires and authors have developed into a *genre* of real literary significance. Since then the book of the grove-play has been written entirely by one member, and original music has been composed for it by one of the club musicians.

The sires and musical sires are selected by the Jinks Committee acting with the Board of Directors of which it is a part. Upon the chairman of this committee falls important duties connected with the organization of the various jinks during his term of office. His functions resemble in many ways those of the Master of the Revels who was an officer of the crown in England in the sixteenth century.

In the early days of the Bohemian Club, the Sire of the Midsummer High Jinks had complete control of the encampment and its

manifold and multiform activities. His prerogatives were higher than those of the president of the club; he presided at the jinks dinner and, in fact, ruled the camp for a period of two weeks. With the increasing complexity of the forest festivals, the duties that once belonged to the sire have been assigned to various functionaries each of whom has a number of assistants. The Captain of the Camp, the Chairman of the Jinks Committee, and the Stage Director now have the burden of most of the work and worry.

In form, the grove-play differs in some essential particulars from all other theatric forms. It is restricted in length as well as by the Aristotelian unities. It must have a forest setting for no scenery is used, and it is not divided into acts. All of these hypothetical regulations are the conclusions drawn from the practices of recent years; they have been ignored in some cases and will doubtless be ignored again. The component parts of the presentation are dialogue, songs, choruses, dances, and orchestral interludes, and the relation between the spoken word and the musical factor is adjusted as in no other form. The Bohemian grove-play is, therefore, distinct in



THE SWIMMING-HOLE

shape from the various types of drama, from opera, and from music-drama.

A restriction that helps to mark these plays as unique lies in the fact that, traditionally, the malign character Care, is introduced in all of them. This is a heritage from the old jinks, and was brought about by a desire to furnish a *raison d'être* for the ceremony of cremation. In the grove-plays of the present, Care stalks through the plot bringing woe in his train until vanquished and slain at last by the avenging power of goodness and right. An underlying intention is to present symbolically the salvation of the trees by the club and its purpose to preserve the grove for all time.

These features—Care and his destroyer—are held by some to be an ill-advised adherence to tradition, restrictive in its effect upon creative impulse, and inimical to artistic expansion and progress. On the other hand it is urged that these restrictions are a challenge to the ingenuity and artistry of the poet. There is abundant precedent for the imposing of restrictions upon artists. Artists, in fact, are disposed to impose restrictions upon themselves. Poets in all periods have lent their highest powers to the glorification of some princely patron. Were

all such *carmina votiva* destroyed the world would lose some of the greatest works of literature. Be this as it may, the motives of Care and his destroyer remain integral parts of the grove-play. How long they will continue to give character to these Californian productions it is impossible to say. It may be asserted, however, that, to the commentator of the future, writing of the twentieth century stage, nothing in the Bohemian grove-plays will claim his attention as a distinct expression of type so much as these two elements, restrictions though they be.

Upon the death of Care in whatsoever guise or character he may appear, the orchestra plays a march and a procession of cowled figures down the hillside is usually contrived. The march merges into the final chorus which is sung while the whole face of the hillside is illuminated with red and green fire, ignited behind the trees by electricity. This illumination of the forest has been gradually perfected in the course of years until the placing of the stations and the timing of the fires have been worked out to produce an effect that is at once stupendous and beautiful.

The first time that red fire was used in a

jinks was in 1885. It was suggested by Mr. Peter Robertson and the ten pounds that were then burned as an incident of the witches' scene from *Macbeth* produced such an effect that its use thenceforward became a regular practice. It was employed to advantage in one of the early jinks when the casting of the bullets from *Der Freischütz* was given. The present effectiveness of the illumination has been accomplished very largely through the efforts of Mr. Edward J. Duffey who has devoted his knowledge and skill to the solution of many difficult problems involved in the lighting of the grove stage.

When the cessation of the final musical number marks the end of the play, the body of Care is carried off the stage followed by the participants. The lights die down. The curtain of darkness falls again.

The Cremation of Care

Begins here the *Cremation of Care.* From among the trees behind which the corpse of Care has been carried the lugubrious strains of Chopin's *Marche funèbre* are heard. A cluster of wavering lights appears among the trees and a band of musicians, clad in long gowns,

is seen approaching in solemn procession, followed by the bearers with the body of Care and all the participants in the play. Those who a moment before had been merely spectators don gowns of red and of black and join the cortège. In this wise they all proceed to a little hollow a few hundred yards distant. Here the burden of dead Care is placed on the funeral pyre, and the High Priest of Bohemia ascends a rustic rostrum whence he delivers the exequial oration. He recalls all the injuries that have been inflicted upon the world and particularly upon the Bohemian Club and its members by the foul and pestilential demon, carking Care, and gives thanks to the gods of Bohemia for deliverance from his malign influence. Exultingly, Care is consigned to the flames, the pyre is ignited, the band strikes up a quick-step; simultaneously, the forest on all sides is illuminated with red and green fire, the coffin of Care belches pyrotechnics in a column of light, and the chorus in their trappings dance wildly around it with shouts of joy. The return to camp is without order, the band playing popular airs therewhile. It is midnight when the throng sits down to a hot supper.

History and Development

The ceremony of the *Cremation of Care* which, as we have seen, dates back to the year 1881, and which at times constituted the principal feature of the early jinks, is sometimes varied with dialogue, action, dances, singing, and spectacle, and, like the stage performances, is being gradually developed into a more and more elaborate affair. In a sense, it may be said to have a basis of form which might give it claim to be considered as a type of entertainment in itself.

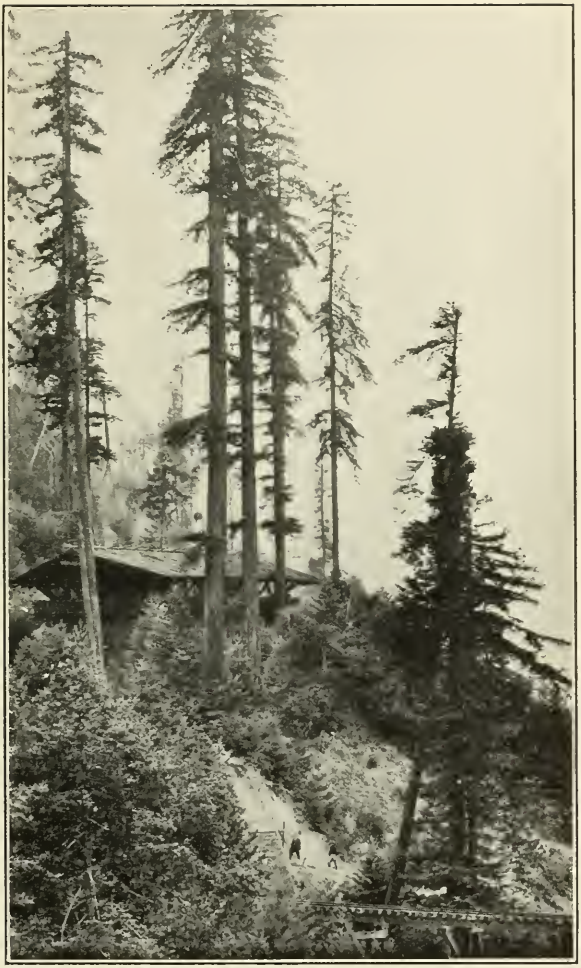
Into the *Cremation* of 1906, which took place shortly after the great disaster in San Francisco, Mr. Charles K. Field, its author, imported a literary quality and scenic scheme that gave the ceremony a new significance, and special music was composed for this ceremony by Dr. Stewart. The *Cremation of Care* of 1907, conducted by Mr. A. R. Hardin, was even more elaborate. The music was composed by Mr. Theodor Vogt, and a formal dance and brilliant spectacular effects were undertaken.

The office of High Priest at the *Cremation of Care* has, for a great many years, been assumed by Mr. George T. Bromley, who was eighty-nine years of age when he discharged this

function in 1907. Mr. Bromley appeared before the club for the first time in September 1873 in a house-jinks of which he was the sire, since which time he has been the most notable figure in the *personnel* of the Bohemian Club. He is known to all the members as "Uncle George."

The Low Jinks

After the midnight supper that follows the *Cremation of Care,* comes another feature of the woodland festival. This is the low jinks which takes place frequently as late as one o'clock in the morning. Care is dead and burned to ashes. The spirit of Bohemia is liberated and must, perforce, find expression—a vent for feelings already in reaction. The low jinks was omitted in 1906 and 1907, and it has no place in the order of events in 1908. For this function the members gather before the low-jinks stage; a small orchestra plays popular airs incessantly during the wait for a tardy curtain; the audience naturally takes to singing, and what might have been impatience is averted by good nature, and a spirit of levity prevails, perfectly in keeping with the character of the performance about to be revealed.



THE CLUB-HOUSE

History and Development

In the earlier days the midsummer low jinks was invariably an impromptu affair such, for example, as a mock trial, when the judge, the jury, the opposing counsels, the accused, and the witnesses were elected on the spot. As far as can be ascertained the first low jinks in the grove, that was in any sense prearranged was a circus jinks sired by Mr. Clay M. Greene.

Precisely as the low jinks held in the city have become more and more elaborate, so have those held in the woods increased in complexity. They may be anything, from a more or less symmetrical farce with specially composed music, to a vaudeville with impromptu interpolations. Not infrequently they burlesque the grove-play.

With this farce the entertainment of the night comes to an end save for such voluntary contributions as may be offered around the campfire, and which sometimes last until long after dawn.

At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning following the jinks night, an orchestral concert takes place on the stage. Excerpts from the score of the previous night are given, the performance being conducted by the composer of the music. Other musicians of the club direct compositions of their own, and the programme also provides several orchestral numbers not too severe in character,

as, for example, a movement from one of the more popular symphonies of a selection from a Wagnerian music-drama.

At about half-past two in the afternoon a special train takes all (save a few who are lured by the enchantments of the grove to linger in its grateful shade) back to the city with its turmoil and cares, better spiritually and physically for having experienced the contact of Nature and the influence of Art.

III—*Origin and Analogies*

By far the most curious, and, from the commentator's point of view, the most interesting, quality of these grove-plays is in their relation with other phases of dramatic art—their resemblances to, and divergences from, other forms. It is particularly interesting to note in these plays the strong tendency, observable in all branches of art, to be merely imitative; to produce nothing more vital than some form of modified drama; and how, at the same time, certain purely physical difficulties have operated to bring about results that are significant chiefly because they are the fruit of creative skill rather than mimetic impulse. To a certain degree the men who, through the years, have contributed each his part toward the formulation of the present type of grove-play, have been forced into originality by the peculiar conditions and limitations of their setting.

Although the drama and the opera were the progenitors of the Bohemian grove-play, in its ultimate form it bears a greater resemblance to the masque than to either. This is all the more

curious because it may be safely said that no constructor of a midsummer high jinks, no writer of a grove-play, ever used the masque for his model. We find, therefore, in California, in the first years of the twentieth century, an independent occurrence of the masque type brought about by an entirely different set of conditions from those that produced the original examples of this *genre* nearly four hundred years earlier.

The Elizabethan Masque

The masque flourished in England, whither it was introduced from Italy, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I—that is, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. It reached its highest state in the work of Ben Jonson. Between it and the Bohemian grove-play there are fundamental differences, as will be shown, but in spirit, in their relations with the drama and in their general form they are strikingly similar.

Gifford says in his *Life of Ben Jonson:*

> The masque admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing—these were not independent of one another, as in the "entertainments" of the old court, but combined by the introduction of some ingenious fable into an harmonious whole.

H. A. Evans in *The English Masque* gives the following definition:

> The masque, then, is a combination, in variable proportions, of speech, dance, and song, but its essential and invariable feature is the presence of a group of dancers, varying in number, but commonly eight, twelve, or sixteen, called Masquers.

In a passage describing the dances of the Masquers the same author says:

> The dances are of two kinds—stately figure dances performed by the Masquers alone and carefully rehearsed beforehand, and commonly distinguished as the Entry, the Main, and the Going Out; the Revels, livelier dances such as galliards, corantos, and levaltos, danced by the Masquers with partners of the opposite sex, chosen from the audience.

In this will be seen at once the chief difference between the masque and the Bohemian groveplay. In the latter the dance, if it occurs at all, is of less importance than the other elements.

Similarities and Differences

A curious analogy between the two forms may be found in the fact that both have been invented and performed for audiences limited by privilege. The Elizabethan and Jacobean masques were written for the diversion of the court, or to

celebrate a noble marriage. This being the case, they were, in the main, viewed only by the nobility, although there are instances of the admission of plebeians. Attendance at the Bohemian entertainments is not regulated by social restrictions, but membership in the club, either regular or transient, is, theoretically at least, an essential qualification, and it is for this limited body that the plays are produced. In *A History of Theatrical Entertainments at the English Court,* by J. K. Chapman, may be found the following passage which not only sets forth the restriction of the masque to the court, but points out the effect that this condition had upon its content:

> Dramatic representations were open to all the world at the theatres, but the masque was essentially courtly and regal in its character. It was produced at great expense and was, like the Italian Opera, conceived in that artistic spirit which makes its own laws and boundaries.

This common character of the two forms is undoubtedly accountable for certain qualities in each—such as artistic sincerity—which are the fruit only of a labor of love or a labor of pride—a masque for one's king or a play for one's club. The resemblance, however, carries with it an intrinsic difference. This relates to the question

THE STUDIO

of scenery. Says one commentator on the Elizabethan stage:

> The essence of the masque was pomp and glory and it could only breathe in the atmosphere of the court. Thus, while the stage [the public theatres] was in a state of absolute nudity, movable scenery of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished in the masque.

To-day, however, when mechanical devices and sumptuous settings have been brought, in the commercial theatre, to a high state of perfection, scenery is entirely dispensed with in the Bohemian grove-plays.

Splendor of the Masque

Some idea of the splendor of a seventeenth century masque may be gleaned from Jonson's directions for his *Hymenæi*. At the beginning of this masque, the masquers appear in gorgeous costumes embellished with gold and silver and jewels, from a microcosm or globe. This, in the poet's own words was

> filled with countries and these gilded; where the sea was expressed heightened with silver waves. This stood or rather hung for no axle was seen to support it. . . . On the sides of this, which began the other part, were placed two great statues, feigned in gold, one of Atlas the other of Hercules, in varied postures bearing up the

clouds, which were of relievo, embossed and tralucent as naturals; to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and, suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets, and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest; where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend) and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms [Atlas and Hercules]; who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves (by virtue of their shadows) and discharged their shoulders of their glorious burden; when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gather themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, incompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shews lasted) without any mover; and that so swift, as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but form to itself five hundred several hues out of the tralucent body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

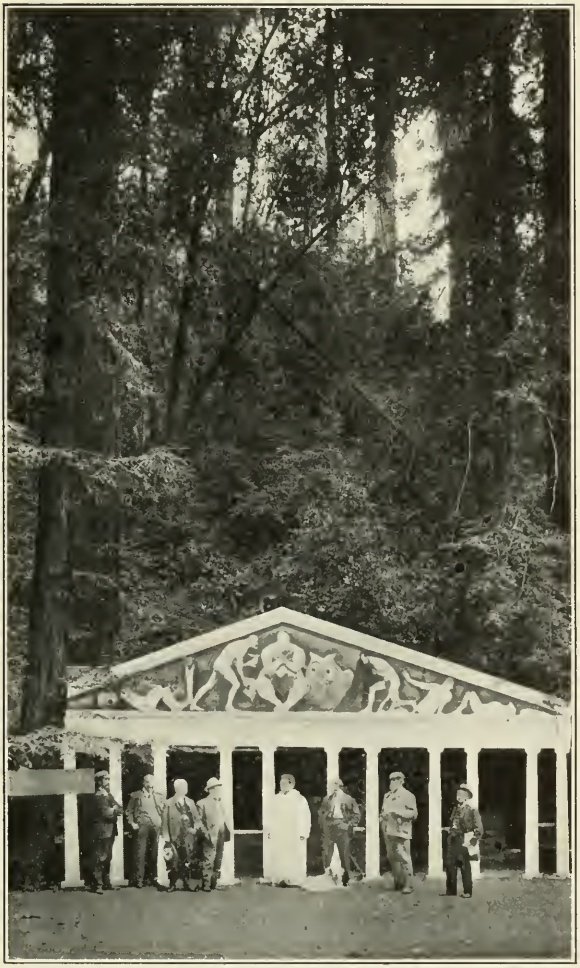
And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the Thunderer.

The *mise-en-scène* for this (and many other masques of the period) was devised by Inigo Jones, the architect, a considerable part of whose fame rests upon his splendid and ingenious settings for the masques of Jonson and other poets. So important was the work of the architect and stage-master in these courtly masques that Jones at one time had a serious quarrel with Jonson because the poet's name was placed before his on the title page of one of the masques. This drew from Jonson a withering retort in verse worthy in point of ferocity of the giant that he was. The expense that attached to the production of these royal recreations was enormous. The presentation of Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* is said to have cost fifteen thousand dollars. A number of other masques were only slightly less expensive. When it is remembered that these performances were given, at most, only a few times and, in some cases only once, the outlay seems prodigious. Plutarch, however, tells us that, in the fourth century, the cost of presenting a play of Sophocles in Athens repre-

sented a sum equal to five hundred thousand dollars.

We have seen that the masque was so contrived as to provide for the entrance of the masquers who, in the earlier entertainments of this kind called "maskings" or "disguisings," invariably wore visors over their faces. It was the dancing of these masquers that "constituted," says Evans, "the distinctive characteristic of the masque, dialogue and singing being subsidiary adjuncts." Mr. Will Irwin, the author of *The Hamadryads*, the grove-play of 1904, gave to it the sub-title *A Masque of Apollo*. Judged rigidly, however, *The Hamadryads* was not a masque. As it left its author's hands, it did not provide for a dance of any kind, although, as we have seen, the dance is the *conditio sine qua non* of the masque. Mr. Irwin was called away from California before *The Hamadryads* was staged; it being thought expedient, a dance was introduced, thus making it a true masque or, at least, a form more nearly resembling the old type than any other grove play with the possible exception of *The Triumph of Bohemia*, by Mr. George Sterling, produced in 1908.

The masque, even at the highest point of



TEMPLE BAR

its development, displayed little dramatic verisimilitude, which again marks a distinction from the grove-play. Except in some of the later masques of Johnson who, toward the end of his career as a writer of masques, held that the auditors should be expected to exercise their intellegence, the scheme of the masque was set forth by a "presenter." The grove-play, on the contrary, has always a homogeneous plot. Again we find a striking similarity between the two forms in the "personified virtues and vices which combined with the gods and goddesses of classical mythology to form its [the masque's] *dramatis personæ*."

Allegory is intimately associated with the masque, as may be shown by the classification of masques as given by Brotenek in his exhaustive treatise *Die Englischen Maskenspiele*. He casts them into the following classes: Mythological, astronomical, mythological-allegorical, allegorical-romantic, allegorical-historical, and fantastical. In the same admirable work is to be found analyses of all the important Elizabethan and Jacobean masques which form a practical basis for comparison with the grove-plays. For example, the episodic sequence of Jonson's *Masque*

of Queens, which Swinburne calls "the most splendid of all masques," is as follows:

(Dance—Dialogue—Dance) — Appearance of the masquers—Dialogue—Entrance of the masquers—Song—Dance and Song—Final Song.

The scheme of episodes in *The Hamadryads* is in the following sequence:

Orchestral prelude—Prologue—Speech with Music — Chorus — Solo — Speeches—Dance—Speech with Music—Song—Speeches—Dialogue —Speech—Speech with Music—Song—Solo and Chorus—Speech—March and Chorus.

It will be seen from these typical synopses that the grove-play is considerably longer than the masque; that it contained less dancing and more music. In the masque, however, music was an important element. Thomas Campion, a writer of masques, was, also, a composer. The music that accompanied Jonson's masques was made by a number of different men, but chiefly by Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Evans draws from Collier's *Annals of the Stage* the following account of a sixteenth century court orchestra:

In 1571 Elizabeth had eighteen trumpeters, seven violins, six flutes, six sackbuts, and ten musicians i. e. singers or "musicians for the voice."

From Bullen's *Campion*, quoted by Schelling in his *Elizabethan Drama*, we learn that for the performance of *Phœbus' Knights*, by Campion in 1607, the following arrangement of musicians was made:

> On the right hand of the skreene were consorted ten musicians with base and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sack-bote, and an harpsichord, with two treble violins; on the other side, somewhat nearer the skreene were placed nine violins and three lutes, and to answer both consorts (as it were in a triangle) six cornets and six chapel voices in a place raised higher in respect to the piercing sound of these instruments.

Survivals of the Masque

Although the old masque is an outmoded form of art, in certain masque-like plays, notably *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, it has survived the centuries since it flourished. In France it has persisted in the form of the *ballet d'action*, and ever now and then some masque is revived by an organization such as the Elizabethan Stage Society or by a university or school. In October 1907, *The Hue and Cry After Cupid* was given by students of the University of California in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. Many of the pageants that have been given recently in

England, notably that held at Oxford, contained masques. A few original masques on the Jonsonian model have been written in late years. The first of these was *Beauty's Awakening, A Masque of Winter and of Spring,* presented in the Guildhall, London, in 1899, by the Art Workers.

The authorship of this masque is usually attributed to Mr. A. Ashbee, but it was really the work of a number of men who not only wrote parts of the text but also designed costumes and properties. The most notable of these were Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Selwyn Image.

Charles Hastings, in his useful work, *The Theatre,* also mentions a masque given in February 1900 and entitled *Peace and War,* which he says was

> especially got up by the elite of London society in aid of the soldiers wounded in the Transvaal. In this the different parts were undertaken by well-known members of society, and the performance in every way resembled the splendid shows of the seventeenth century.

The Bohemian grove-play produced in the redwood forest of California is not a revival of the masque but rather a curious parallelism and, as such, presents an extremely interest-

AN IMPROMPTU IN THE CIRCLE

ing literary phenomenon. These two similar but unrelated types of stage presentation consist of an almost arbitrary arrangement of the same factors, the constancy rather than the order of which constitute the form. The groveplay is a combination, year after year, of the same elements in varying sequence with the personifications of virtue and care as constant factors. We have seen how it evolved from the midsummer high jinks which, curiously enough, bore a certain resemblance to the "entertainment" that antedated the masque. In this as in the jinks the nucleus was an address of welcome.

The *Cremation of Care* with its more or less fixed ritual is, also, an expression of the creative spirit which has its analogue in the antimasque. The low jinks alone is without distinction as a *genre*. Originality may be and often is displayed in its component parts, but, as a whole, it has neither form nor feature that marks it as other than a type derived directly from the commercial theatre.

IV—*Synopses*

THE MAN IN THE FOREST, A LEGEND OF THE TRIBE

(1902)

by Charles K. Field

Music by Joseph D. Redding

Richard M. Hotaling, Sire

The Sire's Announcement

"Ye who love the nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken,—
Listen to this Indian legend."

Brother Bohemians:

Under the perpetual green of our mystic woods, in the glow of our annual campfire, assemble for the great Midsummer Peace-pipe, on the sixteenth day of the Moon of August. Then shall be told you a story, in the music of Redding, the poetry of Field and the faithful

coloring of Joullin—the tale of *The Man in the Forest. A Legend of the Tribe*, and as once, in the Indian's tradition, the Evil Spirit was banished from the wigwams, so shall Care be slain in the forest and his ashes flung to the winds of Heaven.

Hotaling, Sire.

"I will send a prophet to you,
A deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you.....

Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war paint from your faces,
Wash the blood stains from your fingers,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers dwell henceforward!"

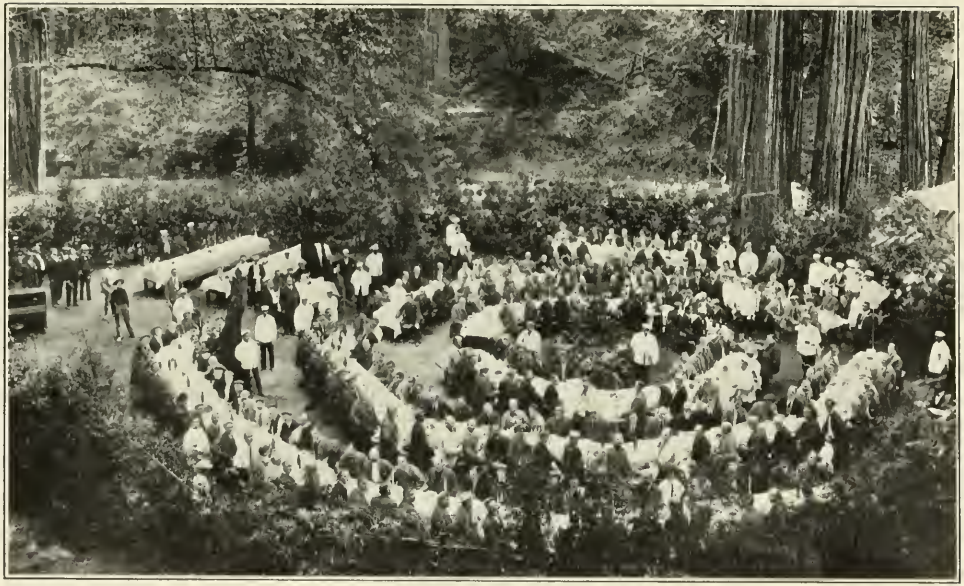
The Cast

The Chief	Mr. J. C. Wilson
The Owl	Mr. Frank P. Deering
A Runner	Mr. Robert I. Aitken
An Aged Indian	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
A Young Brave	Mr. William Thomas
The Historian	Mr. Richard M. Hotaling
The Medicine Man	Amèdée Joullin
The Musician	Mr. Denis O'Sullivan
A Hag	Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.
The Bohemian	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
Care	Mr. Charles K. Field

The argument of the play in the words of the author is as follows:

The Chief, alone among the silent wigwams, laments the threatened destruction of his tribe. An owl is heard hooting through the dark forest, and the Chief invokes the mysterious bird. The Owl prophesies that a deliverer shall come to the tribe and warns him against unwittingly destroying him. The Chief summons his people and repeats to them the oracle of the Owl. The Indian's lament is broken by the arrival of a runner who announces the capture of a pale-face. the braves gather in the council-ring. An aged Indian advises peace; a young brave urges fight; then the Historian recites the legend of *The Man in the Forest,* and exhorts the people to prayer. The tribe dances the sacred Prayer Dance. It is interrupted by the return of the foraging party bringing the captive. The Indians threaten him. Suddenly upon the hillside appears the ghastly skeleton of Care. The Indians fall before the advancing spectre, but the bound captive faces the Apparition and before his calm gaze Care vanishes. Then the warning hoot of the Owl is heard and the Chief, mindful of the oracle, unbinds the captive. The white man announces himself as from the country of Bohemia, and he promises protection to the forest. Lifting his hand to the hillside he calls through the trees and the forest becomes illuminated while down the hill pours a company of garlanded harvesters laden with corn and fuit and bearing deliverance to the tribe.

Undoubtedly the most striking episode in this play was when a sudden light on the hill-



DINNER AT THE ENCAMPMENT

side disclosed the Indian runner rapidly descending the slope. He was stark naked save for a breech-clout and moccasins and his bronzed skin, under which his muscles were seen to play, shone in the light as he darted down the winding trail. Once or twice he ignored the path and dashed down the declivity, crashing through the underbrush and leaping, at the risk of serious injury, over bramble and brake, over stones, logs, and gullies, until, bleeding and breathless, he stood before the Chief and delivered his message.

This introduced the naked actor in the grove-play. It will be shown later how this feature was used to advantage in subsequent performances.

Unfortunately, every existing copy of *The Man in the Forest* was destroyed in the San Francisco fire. *The Legend* recited by the Historian alone survives. It is, in part, as follows:

> Long ago the woods were blighted
> By the breath of evil spirits,
> By the presence of the Dark One;
> In the river-mist lurked evil,
> In the leaves a terror whispered;
> All the happy hunting-places
> Were deserted, bare and barren
> As the prairie desolated

By the curse of fire and ashes;
No more came the deer at evening
To the quiet water-courses,
No more drummed the hidden partridge
Or the grouse among the shadows,
Gone the great bear from the mountains,
Gone the bison from the prairies;
And the tender corn, the comfort,
Dried and shriveled ere its blooming,
Drooped and faded into yellow
Like a girl that dies of fever
In the Moon of Evil Vapors.

Then came Famine through the forest,
Gaunt and gray, with mocking laughter,
Gloated by the cheerless wigwams,

. . . . .

While through all the dismal forest
Nothing broke the awful stillness
Save the ghastly laugh of Hunger
That from far the gaunt coyote
Like a mocking echo answered.

From the shadow of his wigwam
Struggled Mee-das, the magician,
Wasted by the touch of Famine
And the fires of his long vigil;

. . . . .

In the strength of his death-anguish
Danced he there among the dying,
In the sacred snake-dance moved he
Round and round in prayer unceasing,

But alas, he failed and faltered
And at length his strength went from him
And he fell among his people
And his hope burned out in darkness.

But the mocking laugh of Famine
Rang no more through all the forest;
There among the silent wigwams
Stood the figure of a stranger!
In his hair the gold of morning,
In his eyes the azure heavens,
In his voice the tender music
Of the south wind in the woodland,
Breathing through the maize at day-break.
Dying eyes looked up and saw him,
And a dreamy strength came thrilling
Through the twisted limbs of anguish
Till the people rose about him,
Caught and kissed the stranger's garment.
Then with waving hands the savior
Called afar through all the forest,
And behold a wonder happened!
Through the forest came the red deer,
And the partridge and the squirrel,
Came the heavy bear and bison,
And the corn grew tall and heavy
In the magic of his music
And the water wet the mosses,
Turning green the blighted woodland.
Gratefully the rescued people
Turned to bless their strange deliverer;
He had vanished from among them

As the noiseless water-serpents
Vanish in the pools at twilight,
But the beauty of his presence
There remained to bless the forest
And the Indian ever after.

MONTEZUMA

(1903)

by Louis A. Robertson

Music by Humphrey J. Stewart

Louis A. Robertson, Sire

Bohemians:

When Cynthia, garbed in all her silvern splendor, climbs through the cloudless August night over our classic grove,

Beneath the Titan trees we hope to show
How mighty Montezuma faced the fate
That left him throneless, thralled, and desolate
In Cortez' clutch four hundred years ago.

Upon a victim's breast a fire shall glow—
A war god's favor to propitiate;
And you shall hear the priests and prophets prate
The princely Aztec's doom and overthrow.

There Aitken's able genius shall unfold
A gorgeous spectacle and ghastly rite;
While Stewart's matchless minstrelsy is rolled
To where the star-bedizened dome of night
Sends back an echoing chorus; while your sire
Lends to the scene and song an answering lyre.
Louis Robertson, Sire.

The Cast

Montezuma	Mr. J. C. Wilson
The Astrologer	Mr. Richard M. Hotaling
Malric, the Victim	Mr. Robert I. Aitken
The High Priest	Mr. Donald deV. Graham
Charac, a Chief	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
Dragonda, a Chief	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
A Crier	Mr. James B. Smith
A Messenger	Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.

In this play the hillside was not used, but instead an elaborate arrangement of canvas scenery was employed with a sky-drop and, in place of the natural proscenium, there were canvas "tormentors" on which were painted Aztec idols and glyphographs. The abandonment of natural scenery for artificial was not considered a success; it was too great a concession to the conventions of the commercial theatre, and since that time the unembellished stage only has been used.

The synopsis of the play, written by Mr. Robertson, is as follows:

This dramatic episode has been built upon the history of the conquest of Montezuma by Cortez, and upon the accepted accounts of the sacrificial rites which prevailed at that period in the land of the Aztecs. With these has been interwoven the tradition that foretold the coming of a conqueror from beyond the Eastern seas.

The entire play is pregnant with this portent. Priests chant it, and the Astrologer tells it. Montezuma, finally convinced of its truth, calls to his captains and chiefs for a suitable sacrifice to appease the wrath and propitiate the favor of the God of War, the mighty Mexitli. Two chiefs offer, but are refused. Then a youth, glowing with patriotic ardor, steps forward and offers not only his life, but shows that his sacrifice will break with grief the heart of a young girl, to whom he has been wedded for a month, and "whose faith-filled eyes behold in him a god." He is accepted; stretched upon the jasper stone; his heart cut out and given to the god, and the New Light kindled upon his bleeding breast. Just as the sacrifice has been completed, the unfamiliar thunder of Cortez' cannon is heard, followed by his appearance on the scene.

Arbitrary reasons have made it necessary to condense within the narrow compass of one day events that were months in happening.

The play opens with a hymn to the rising sun, sung by priests, a summons by a crier, and a chorus hailing the approach of Montezuma. The

A CAMPFIRE ENTERTAINMENT

scene is laid on the top of a teocalli or Aztec pyramid, and to this enters the king and his retinue dazzlingly accoutered; some of the chiefs and warriors are naked save for necklaces, girdles, and other ornaments of barbaric design. They wear splendid feather head-dresses. Montezuma gives audience to an astrologer who voices a warning in the following words:

> King, I have come from where the mighty loom
> Of midnight weaves the starry silver strands
> Into the fabric of a fate that few
> Have knowledge to unravel or reveal.
> A hundred times and more hath yonder sun
> Soared from the sombre midnight to the morn
> And blotted from the jeweled page of night
> The starry charactry wherein are writ
> The secrets fate doth in the future hide.
> A hundred times my straining eyes have seen
> The stars flash forth a hint of hidden things,
> But ere I grasped the secret, it was dead
> Within the dawning of another day.
> Last night I saw the belted giant climb
> Into the blazing canopy above
> And with his sword touch Teocalli's towers;
> Then, in the mystic moment, I became
> As one, half blind, feels from his clouded eyes
> The scales that veiled his vision fall away,
> And reads aright at last the tale of truth.
> As from the glamouring gloom I turned my gaze
> To scan the charted records of the skies,

My finger fell upon the fateful spot
And there I read great Montezuma's doom.

Montezuma replies to this, interpreting the "belted giant" to be Quitzacoatl, the traditional chief of old whose return had been prophesied for centuries. The astrologer convinces him of his error, and impresses him with the importance of conciliating the War God instantly with a sacrifice. The king appeals to his chieftains; two of them offer themselves as sacrifices, but are refused; then the youth, Malric, offers himself in the following address:

I was an acolyte when thou wast priest
In proud Cholula's temple long ago.
My prayers have mingled in the past with thine,
And by their memory now in mercy lend
A listening ear to my imperfect plea.
King, I am one on whom a woman's lips
Were never laid until they came to bless
Me in the sacred bridal bed of love.
One month hath barely passed since I was wed
Unto a virgin bride, and earth became
To us a garden where the gods bestowed
Their best to bless and crown us with content.
Still in the springtide of our love we live;
No cloud has cast a shadow o'er the shrine
Wherein we kneel, and where her faith-filled eyes
Behold in me a god. Still her white soul
Glows in the censer of a loyal heart

And woos me with its fragrant altar flame.
Ah, it were nothing now to lay aside
Honor and life, glory and gold and all
Men prize the most, if it could build for thee
A bulwark 'gainst the swelling surge that sweeps
Hither to send us with thee to our doom.
The sacrifice Mexitli calls for now,
Must be the purest and most precious gem
Of all the hoarded treasures man loves best.
If to the flaying Toplitzin to-day
My flesh is flung, then over it will roll
The requiem of a young wife's breaking heart;
And it may be the god will deem mine own
A richer gift, since—like a chalice filled
With priceless wine—I break it at his feet,
And with the shattered offering to him pour
The pure libation of a woman's love.

Malric is accepted; the High Priest gives him a benediction, after which all retire. A musical interlude occurs here followed by the entrance of a procession conducting Malric to the sacrifice. He takes leave of life and of his bride in a lyrical passage. When his final moment is at hand, Malric dashes from him the garlands in which he had been wreathed, shatters his lyre, and, tearing his tunic from his shoulders, stands naked before the priests. He is stretched upon the sacrificial stone; the toplitzin performs his bloody office; the victim's heart is placed in the gaping jaws

of a colossal statue of Mexitli; a fire is kindled upon his breast; and the choral hymn to the New Light is sung by priests and people. This is followed by the appearance of a breathless messenger who announces the coming of the foe. Montezuma, realizing his destruction is imminent, utters the cry of the vanquished in his last words. As he is speaking, Cortez and his soldiers, preceded by a Spanish priest who holds aloft a cross, enter upon the scene. The final lines of the play, spoken by Montezuma, are as follows:

> What flag is that which flouts me from the height
> Of yonder mountain side? What flames are these
> That cloud with crimson the unsullied sky
> Till clear Tezcoco seems to turn to blood?
> What shriek is that? Say, does the Eagle feel
> The Serpent's fangs at last? Then must I fall.
> The sacred symbol now confirms the stars
> And power and pride must yield to destiny.

It will be noted that the play of Montezuma is in no way related to the grove. In this respect it differs from the other grove-plays with which it has less in common than with the dramas that we are accustomed to see in city theatres. The Care motive is vaguely suggested in the person of the pagan king.

A HILLSIDE CAMP

THE HAMADRYADS

A Masque of Apollo

(1904)

by Will Irwin

Music by W. J. McCoy

J. Wilson Shiels, Sire

The Sire's Announcement

Kind, lenient lover of Bohemia: on one sweet night our feathered friend and Master demands your presence. Obey for your heart's sake. Yet, the appeasable bird requests your good fellowship for the full period wherein we live and commune with his mighty trees. Grant this for his heart's sake. On this summer night you shall witness the second coming of Apollo, æons ago the god of streaming sunlight, the repeller of ills, and the Lord Protector of our Grove, now the willing servant of a higher power, at whose command he will slay foul Meledon, the God of Care, bringing joy to the Spirits of the Trees, the gentle Hamadryads, and to us content. Great Cronos gave a mighty strength to every trunk of our Titan Grove, and to become that strength he endowed each with a man's masterful soul to better battle with the winds and Care. Yet were they gentle All this in the poesy of Irwin and the music of McCoy. With due solemnity shall hurtful Care to ashes be reduced, and you shall listen with profound reverence to

the benediction of your most beloved High Priest, who in turn will honor John McNaught by laying on him his command to tell us of our future happy time.

Shiels, Sire.

The Cast

The Poet	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
First Hamadryad	Mr. Charles K. Field
Second Hamadryad	Mr. Henry A. Melvin
Third Hamadryad	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
Fourth Hamadryad	Mr. C. K. Bonestell
Fifth Hamadryad	Mr. H. J. Maginnity
Sixth Hamadryad	Mr. Charles S. Aiken
Herald of the Hamadryads	Mr. Clarence Wendell
Meledon, God of Care	Mr. Richard H. Hotaling
A Naiad	Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.
Apollo	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
First Angel	Mr. T. Vail Bakewell
Second Angel	Mr. Frank P. Deering

Young Hamadryads, Dancers, the Hosts of Apollo, Chorus of Angels.

The argument in Mr. Irwin's foreword to The Hamadryads follows:

The scene is laid in this grove, and the time is mid-summer night of that year when the Greater Bear stood by the constellation Boötes; or, as mortals measure time, about the season when a people of white countenance and tawny hair first came over the great mountains.

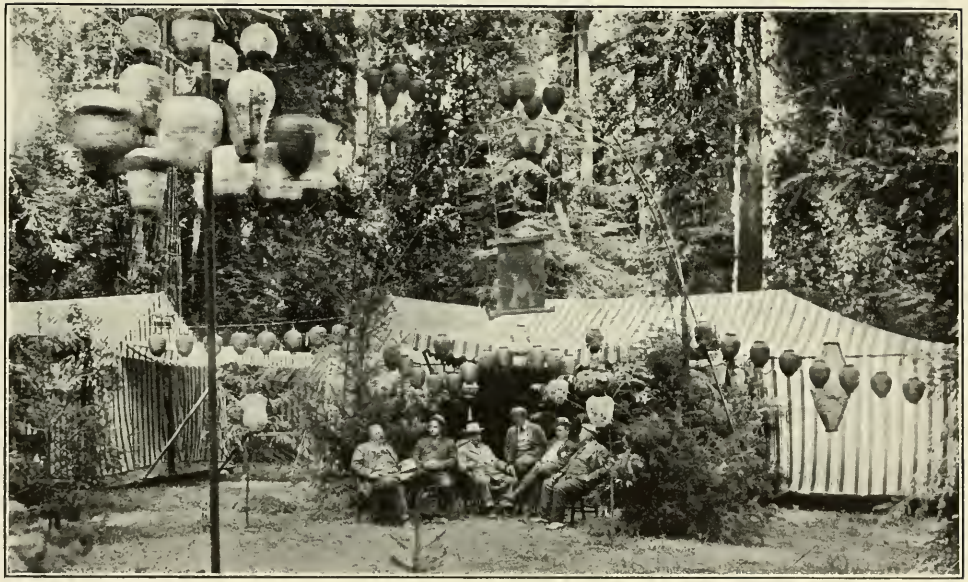
Synopses—The Hamadryads

In that time the grove stood unsullied and unshorn. Not yet had mortals begun the war in which so many a mighty trunk that had conquered the winds a cycle long fell to ruin and gave back its soul, its gentle hamadryad, to the Essence of Things. Since then, through patronage of Lord Apollo and mercy of the New Power, mortals of kinder sort have stayed the slaughter and restored these vales to their unseen ministers.

Here tell we how it came that Cronos set men spirits to this grove; how Lord Apollo loves these glades, and how he was driven therefrom, leaving the gentle woodfolk in imprisonment and hard distress; how Meledon, spirit of Care, vilest of the old divinities, being refused dwelling in Limbo, cheerless home of the conquered gods, and in Hell, came to plague the fairest vale of earth; how the New Power, being supplicated, sent deliverance; and how Apollo, the far-darter, slew Care, bringing joy to the woodfolk and beauty to the sons of men.

And to him who, filled with the later lore of righteousness, knows not the ancient lore of beauty, here tell we of hamadryads. Spirits they were of brightness and joy, dwelling in the trees. Of like substance to the immortals, yet were they mortal, for each was born and died with the tree its habitation. All the gods they reverenced, but especially Apollo, who held tutelage of groves, and the wild wood-god, Pan. In Hellas and Ausonian land they were woman-spirits, but in these groves men; and of these shall our tale relate.

At the beginning of Mr. Irwin's masque occured the awakening of the trees. On a stage shrouded in darkness whence the foul Meledon had just vanished, a single tree is seen to glow faintly with a pale greenish light. This grows in intensity while the orchestra plays the Illumination Music, until, after the space of two minutes or so, the trunk of the tree seems to give forth light. Now from its bole the hand slowly followed by the arm, and, finally, by the leaf-clad figure of a wood-spirit, emerges. The orchestra announces the Hamadryad motive which the spirit echoes with the cry, "Hola-to-ho!" A second tree has been slowly illumined and from it comes the Second Hamadryad followed by the Third and Fourth, each from his own tree, and all cry in unison to their fellows in the forest. The trees on the hillside come to life until, finally, the whole slope is as brilliant as day, and the hamadryads that seem to spring from the earth come leaping down the trails, pausing now and then to beckon and call to their companions. Their green garments, slashed to resemble foliage, tremble with their every movement as they gather in the center of the stage and lift



ONE OF THE LARGER CAMPS

a great chorus based on the Hamadryad motive.

One of the hamadryads presently relates how men-spirits came to inhabit this grove. His narrative follows:

In the beginning Cronos made the earth,
Poured out the lordly seas and lit the heavens;
And unto every creature of his hand
He set a guardian god; the silent stars,
Forever swinging in their luminous curves,
Harbored men-spirits, terrible in war
And kingly in their councils; and the winds—
The warrior-winds that battle with the stars—
They, too, were men, shaggy and hoar and fierce.
All these he made; then looked upon the groves.
He saw the linden and the sceptral pine;
He saw the willow dancing with a breeze
That tossed her tumbled leaves in wantonness.
"Now loose the nymphs," he cried, "the merry nymphs!"
And into every burgher of the wood
There came a woman-spirit; white their breasts,
Wanton their snowy thighs and soft their lips
With amorous murmurs to a summer moon.

. . . . .

It was a winter night when he beheld
This grove inanimate; the winds were mad,
The rain was wild for battle, and the trees
Fought as the Titans fought with angry Zeus,
Bent all their mighty thews in unison
And hurtled back the javelins of the blast.

Yea, all that angry night th' embittered gales
Threw their grim frontlets upon bough and branch,
And staggered back in muttering retreat.
But, lo! when shepherd Morning leashed the winds,
Gathered his star-flocks from the heavens and glanced
His jeweled crook upon the dripping ferns,
The Titan grove stood straight and unafraid,
Weary, but all victorious, bare of leaf.
But not one trunk lay fallen. Then the god
Laughed loud; his mighty laughter shook the hills,
"Women for these?" he cried, and then again,
"Women for these? Nay, godlings, these be men!
Give me men-spirits, stalwart, masterful.
Let women animate the laughing linden,
The careless willow and the slender pine;
But these be men!"
And at the god's command,
Out of the dark, primordial soul of things,
Where sleeps the essence of the little gods
And mortals unconceived, our fathers came,
Stalwart, but gentle; foemen to the winds,
But lovers of the bracken and the fern
And every living thing that in this grove
Drinks sustenance from the brown breasts of earth.

The most ancient spirit of the trees then tells how Lord Apollo made of this grove his favorite resting place. This is followed by a dance of young hamadryads after which still

another spirit tells how fell the gods and how the New Power triumphed. He ends thus:

No more, no more
Shall ocean break to jewels on the feet
Of foam-born Aphrodite. Ah, no more
Shall herald Hermes bend his sea-bright wings.
Stilled is Apollo's lay. The gods are gone.
And where the meadows blossomed at their tread,
And Lesbic maidens, robed with innocence,
Their garlands on the living marble twined,
Men lift a broken form upon a cross.
For Hellas hath forgot, and only we
Keep their sweet semblance in loved memory.

Meledon, whose baleful presence is ever hovering near, appears to taunt and harass the hamadryads and unwittingly tells them that Apollo, whom they thought dead, dwells in Limbo. The Naiad, issuing from a stream that suddenly flows from the hillside, comes as a messenger from the nether world to announce that Apollo has submitted to the New Power. The oldest hamadryad supplicates the hidden God, whereupon an angel appears and sings:

He hath heard! He hath heard! Our God shall bring
deliverance!
For the seas are glad with His countenance,
And the hills in His might rejoice,
And the flowers in their beauty do His will,

And the rivers sing at His voice,
And the forests gladden the wilderness
By the grace of His glorious word,
Who hath answered the prayer of the simple folk
That called in praise of their Lord—
He hath answered the prayer of the simple folk
That called on their mighty Lord.
Deliverance! Deliverance! He grants deliverance!

A chorus of angels is now heard singing:

For He is mighty! For He is gracious! For He is merciful!
The Lord, Our God is merciful!

Meledon enters and defies the angels when at the highest point on the hillside, Apollo suddenly appears. His body is nude; from his shoulders hang a chlamys of cloth-of-gold; on his head is a crown of golden rays; and in his hand a golden bow. Far below him stands Meledon hurling defiance at heaven. Apollo plucks a dart from his shining quiver; he twangs his bow and a bolt of light flashes down the hillside, felling Meledon among the hamadryads freed and joyful. The forest is illumined by the presence of the God of Day, and Apollo descends the hill majestically while the hamadryads sing a chorus of welcome and of triumph which brings the play to a close.

THE PLEASANT ISLE OF AVES

THE QUEST OF THE GORGON

A Musical Drama

(1905)

by Newton J. Tharp

Music by Theodor Vogt

Newton J. Tharp, Sire

The Sire's Announcement

Bohemians:

For your brief respite from the ways of toil
At tasks depressing to your better selves;
Old Nature hath, these twelve moons past, devised
Her woodland forms in splendor and profusion.
With hands of wondrous cunning she hath wrought
Within the hallowed precincts of our grove,
Till now the ferns and new-sprung quiv'ring leaves,
Do laugh enticements sweet as ne'er before.
The forest harps, so deften smote by wafts
Of scented air, await to lure thee—dreamwise—
By their matchless strains to isles of fairy form,
Where Care dwells not, and the hour-glass needs no turning.
The deep, star-studded sky—seen through weird
And quaintly fashioned lace of limb and leaf—
Invites thee to enjoy the quiet mood,

Or hours replete with contemplation mild.
And Nature doth avow from out the vast,
Wherein do lie her moods in mighty keep, that:—
To those with ears she will sing—
To those with hearts she will speak—
For those with eyes she'll paint the sky
With purest azure tone, the trees
With softest green; and hill-tops golden smite
With magic brush at morn and eve.

In tune with all this lavish forest spread, a play has been devised upon an olden tale, and on the night of August twelfth, among the towering trees will be unfolded "The Quest of the Gorgon." A theme, around which our good Bohemian Vogt has wreathed bewitching, soul-ensnaring music, quite as Care-destroying as will be the arm of the mighty Perseus when he has tracked the demon to her noisome lair.

Tharp, Sire.

The Cast

Perseus	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
Sibyl	Mr. Richard M. Hotaling
Dionysus	Mr. L. A. Larsen
Silenus	Mr. William B. Hopkins
Pan	Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.
Hades	Mr. Amèdée Joullin
Hermes	Mr. George De Long
Athene	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
Gæa	Mr. Frank P. Deering
A Mortal	Mr. Thomas Rickard

Synopses—Quest of the Gorgon

Choruses

Sileni	Mortals
Satyrs	Musæ
Sylvans	Priests
Mænads	Victims

A synopsis of *The Quest of the Gorgon* which appeared in the programme and was written by Mr. Tharp runs thus:

The drama is based upon the mythological conception of Gæa (the Earth) and Phœbus-Apollo (Light) being the agencies through which all the visible manifestations of Nature are carried on; Dionysus in his broader significance as God of Moisture, growing vegetation, flowers and vines, bringing good to mankind; and the Gorgon as a personification of evil and corroding Care, ever present, ever watchful, eager to snatch away from mortals the morsels of joy given them by Dionysus and other gods.

A free use is also made of the myths of Perseus and the Sibyls, and other mythological lore.

The time is in the dim Homeric past. The action is divided into five episodes, during the first four of which the scene is in Delphi, Apollo's oracle, where opens the cavern with its prophetic-dealing vapors, and where stood the omphalos—Earth's navel—the sacred stone that marked her exact center. The fifth episode occurs before the cave of the Gorgon.

Episode 1—The ancient Delphian sibyl tells how she

acquired her long life and the gift of prophecy. She holds converse with Gæa regarding the slaying of the Gorgon.

Episode 2—Dionysus appears in his Autumn festival to render homage to Gæa and Phœbus, with propitiatory ceremony.

Episode 3—Perseus appears, tells Dionysus and his throng that his reason for visiting the oracle is to be advised of the way to the Gorgon and how to slay her. Dionysus tries to turn him from his task by pointing out its seeming hopelessness, asks him to join on his march to the lands of the mortals, and assist him in his work of teaching them the growing of fruits and vines as being the surest way of giving them happiness. Perseus refuses, saying that there can be no real happiness while the Gorgon lives.

Episode 4—The sibyl being assured of the fitness of Perseus to attempt the death of the Gorgon, agrees to use her power and call the gods to his assistance. This she does with the result that Perseus is sent on his way with the helmet of Hades, which will render him invisible at will, the winged sandals of Hermes, and the shield of Athene.

Between the above episode and the last, there is a choral number in the form of the Greek parabasis. This gives an opportunity to change the indications of the scene without the use of a curtain.

Episode 5—The slaying of the Gorgon by Perseus.

The musical numbers composed by Mr. Vogt for *The Quest of the Gorgon* comprised:

1. Introduction; 2. Dionysian Revel, Scene and

GEORGE STERLING, JACK LONDON, AND THE AUTHOR AT HOME

ensemble, Dionysus, Silenus, and Chorus; 3. Dance of the Sylvans, Satyrs, Mænads, and Sileni; 4. Scene and ensemble, Entrance of Perseus; 5. Orizon to the Sibyl, Solo and Chorus; 6. Invocation to Hades, Melodramatic, scenes and ensemble; 7. Invocation to Hermes, Melodramatic, scenes and ensemble; 8. Invocation to Athene, Scenes and ensemble; 9. Scene and ensemble, Athene, Perseus, and Chorus; 10. Parabasis. Greek Hymn; 11. Chorus of Victims; 12. Death of Gorgon and Finale.

The first scene opens with a colloquy between the sibyl and Gæa which is in part as follows:

SIBYL.

This day, my last!
Now Thanatos around me locks his chains,
And Charon beckons from the stygian shore.
A thousand years have gone since I, cast forth
On Life's capacious lap, lay waiting for
The thread the Fates had spun to guide me on
Through mortal way. A thousand years!
So many dawns have passed before my ken,
That as I see them each from Memory's book
Unfold, they seem as all the leaves of Autumn
In endless stream from here to chaos' realm.
. . . . . .
Of near all burdens have I found men surcease,
Save one, weightiest and darkest of them all,
But e'en this day, though well my last,
Shall I the foul corroding thing encompass.
Gæa! Gæa! (Strikes the Omphalos.)

GÆA.

Who calls?
Who dares arouse me from my mighty dreams?

SIBYL.

Gæa! Gæa!
Not once before, in all my years,
Hath she my summons answered.
'Tis I, Pythoness, eldest of thy children—
Save these tall and mighty trees that stood,
As now in solemn majesty, when first
I walked these groves—
Gæa! Gæa! Primal prophetess!
(Strikes the Omphalos again.)
From out the wisdom, horded in thy vast
Mysterious depths, spell me the secret way
By which I may all men the Gorgon rid
Before my hours are numbered.

GÆA.

All things I give but all to me return;
Some would mount the clouds, and ride
The azure fields of Heaven;
Some, me defy, and plant themselves as rock—
But e'en as thou this day shalt surely do,
They all to me return! return! return!

The Dionysian Revel in the Second Episode of *The Quest of the Gorgon* was sumptuously costumed and rich in picturesque qualities. The play as a whole was in the spirit of the satyric drama, Silenus and his ribald followers intro-

ducing a not unwelcome touch of humor which the authors of other grove-plays have not ventured.

THE OWL AND CARE

(1906)

A Spectacle

by Charles K. Field

Music by Humphrey J. Stewart

Charles K. Field, Sire.

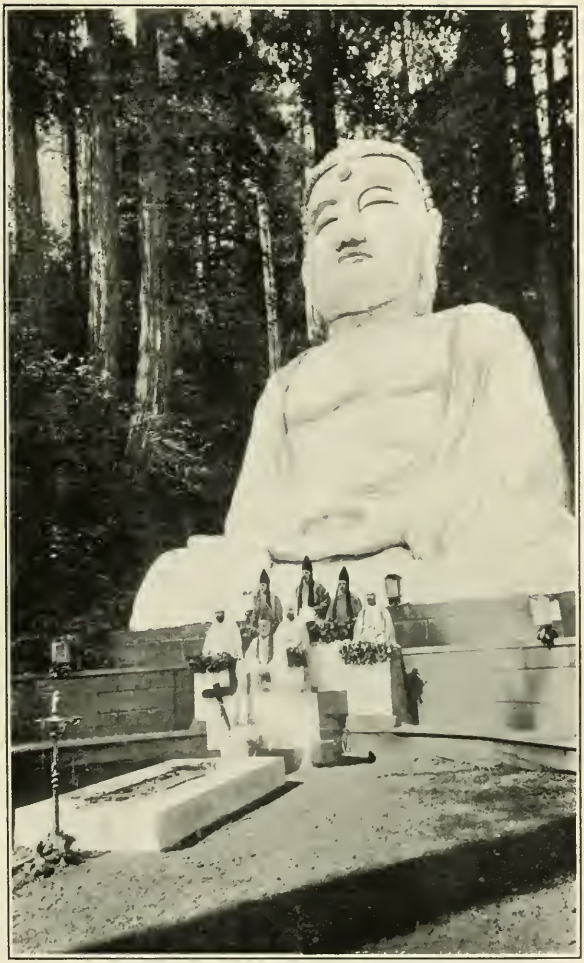
In 1906 the Bohemian encampment took place three months after the great disaster in San Francisco. The club had suffered severe losses as had many of the members. The club-house in San Francisco had been destroyed together with the greater part of its contents, including a library said to have been the finest club library in America. The Bohemians were also very much scattered. Nevertheless, undaunted by reverses, the club held its encampment, although not in its usual lavish manner, and instead of a grove-play, the ceremony of the *Cremation of Care* was expanded and was preceded by a short scene on the hillside stage. The whole affair was in the nature of a defiance of Care who had

so recently and so heavily laid his hand on the whole of this Western community. The text was written by Mr. Charles K. Field who called the production *The Owl and Care, A Spectacle.* For the first time in many years an orchestra was omitted, the music for the occasion being furnished by a band. Part of the music was especially composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart.

The Cast

Hill-man	Mr. C. K. Bonestell
Tree-man	Mr. Charles K. Field
River-man	Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.
First Bohemian	Mr. Charles J. Dickman
Second Bohemian	Mr. Robert C. Berkeley
Third Bohemian	Mr. Frank P. Deering
Care	Mr. Chester B. Fernald
Voice of Care	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
High Priest	Mr. George T. Bromley
Assistant Priest	Mr. Frederic W. Hall
The Dead Tree	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels
The Living Tree	Mr. Richard M. Hotaling
Love	Master Ramond White

In the first part, which took place on the hillside, a Tree-man, a Hill-man, and a River-man, stricken with fear, are shown flying from a fell monster whose terrible voice is heard through the



DAI BUTSU—BUDDHA JINKS (1892)

forest while the earth trembles with his approaching footsteps. Three Bohemians appear who have come from their ruined city to seek rest and solace in the woods. They are in colloquy with the three nature spirits when the voice of Care (for such the monster is) is heard again. The Bohemians bid him begone, but the voice thunders from the hill:

> What power shall banish me? Back with me then to your city of dust and ashes, ye men of a hopeless task, for be ye sure that wheresoever men gather there am I among them always!

Care enters in the form of a giant on the upper hill. "I am disease and death," he cries. The Bohemians invoke the Owl, which appears from the darkness on the hill. Care wails again, "I am disease and death;" a flame bursts from the owl, and the monster falls dead. A march is played which the chorus sings, and a procession of figures wearing black robes with the hoods drawn and carrying torches march down the hillside which is illuminated while the Hill-man, Tree-man, and River-man dance around the effigy of the Owl.

The procession leaves the theatre, led by the band, and followed by the members. All proceed to the place of cremation. Here the Assisting

Priest addresses his followers, but he is interrupted by the terrible laugh of Care coming from a dead tree nearby. The priest pauses and the voice is heard from the dead tree, an enormous gaunt and gray shaft rising to the height of over a hundred feet. Leafless branches from which hang tattered moss project from the upper trunk. It is bathed in light turning its gray barkless surface into a ghastly whiteness. The voice is now heard in ominous intonation issuing from the tree. It says:

Bohemians! Children of sorrow, foolishly gay,
  Hearken to me;
Yesterday, now and to-morrow, I am the sign of decay,
  I am the Dead Tree;
Token and symbol of grief,
  Tendril I have not nor leaf,
I am the form of despair,
  And through my voice speaks the immortal spirit
    of Care.

When the Voice of the Dead Tree ceases a red light is seen illuminating a singularly beautiful living tree a little distance away. It is plumed with masses of green foliage. From it the voice of the Living Tree is heard. It says that the Dead Tree had lied and adds:

Lo, they may burn me with fire,
They may blacken and scar me with flame,

Yet in the magical Spring I put forth my unconquerable green!

. . . . .

you have chosen Love, and all you have lost shall return!

Blessed are ye, Bohemians, for among you the spirit of Brotherhood bideth,
Call on his name through the forest!
He will kindle the pyre from your altar,
He will gladden your feast with his beauty,
And Care shall be banished forever!
I am the Living Tree,
Love speaks through me,
And Love is supreme!

The chorus sings an invocation to Love. Love appears near the Living Tree and sings:

High Priest of Bohemia,
Brothers all, behold me,
I am Love!
Out from the deepest dark of the wood,
See me rosily springing,
So out of evil comes good,
Out of men's burdens brotherhood,
And out of sorrow singing:
So from the blackest hour
Blossoms the morn;
Up from the ashes of Care,
Wet with the tears of despair,
Up out of gloom like a flower,
Lo, I am born!
Though Care may burn to embers
The dress of vain desires,

The heart that Love remembers
Is proof against his fires;
Behold, his power I destroy;
Love lights the way to joy.

The chorus follows with:

True hearts together meeting,
Love hears our call,
Care's empery is fleeting,
Love conquers all.

While the chorus is singing, Love runs with his torch to the High Priest who lights it; Love then applies the flame to the pyre. When the chorus ends Love blows upon his horn; the forest is illuminated with red and figures in gay robes run in and join in the dance around the blazing funeral pile.

THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA

A Forest Play

(1907)

by George Sterling

Music by Edward F. Schneider

George Sterling, Sire

The Sire's Announcement

THE OWL

Hoo Hoo! Hoo Hoo!! Hoo Hoo!!!

TRUE BOHEMIAN

Majestic Bird,
My reverential ears await thy word.

THE OWL

Hear then! I bear from forest aisles untrod
The summer message of the Laughter-God.

TRUE BOHEMIAN

A moment—till mine empty glass I fill.....
Now, Bird, declare his autocratic will.

THE OWL

Mark well: when thou hast seen, in calm July,
Its twenty-seventh morning light the sky,
To his eternal Grove thy way must wend,
That all his forest rites thou mayst attend.
For glad, he hath bespoken, as of yore,
A sylvan parable to teach his lore—
Telling his joy in care-forsaking men
And their triumphal minstrelsy. So when
The jealous and usurping moon that night
Shall dim or drown the southern stars in light,
He will come forth in greeting, and his voice
Will counsel thee when reeds and chords rejoice;
For Music, early to his service won,
Grants him that night her well-beloved son,
Our Edward Schneider, whose consummate art
Hath found the exalting secrets of her heart.
Then, when his love permitteth thee to share
His ancient victory o'er ancient Care,
His pontiff, Riley Hardin, shall arise
And spread conclusive pageants for thine eyes—

A jovial man, whose very words have weight
In crematory Mysteries, of late.
Wherefore, O True Bohemian, attend,
Lest absence or forgetfulness offend.
E'en now Bohemia plans (O joyful task!)
The light and music of his woodland masque.
George Sterling, Sire.

The Cast

First Tree-Spirit	Mr. Chas. von Neumayer
Second Tree-Spirit	Dr. Philip M. Jones
Third Tree-Spirit	Mr. Mackenzie Gordon
First Woodman	Mr. Frank Mathieu
Second Woodman	Mr. Courtney Ford
Spirit of the North-Wind	Mr. Allan Dunn
Spirit of the South-Wind	Mr. Porter Garnett
Spirit of the West-Wind	Mr. Emerson Warfield
Spirit of the East-Wind	Mr. Jesse Olney
Spirit of Time	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
Spirit of Fire	Mr. Wm. H. Smith, Jr.
Spirit of Bohemia	Mr. H. McD. Spencer
Mammon, Spirit of Care	Dr. J. Wilson Shiels

Gnomes: Masters Gordon Thurston, Robert Starett, Leroy Browne, Virgil Lyon.

Wood-Spirits, Saplings, Woodmen, and Bohemians.

Time: A Midsummer Night.

Place: A Virgin Forest of Redwoods.

THE ILLUMINATION—FAUST JINKS (1897)

The Chorus

Messrs. E. D. Crandall (*Chorus Master*) G. Purlenky, J. P. Jones, Fred Chase, M. L. R. Oksen, Geo. S. Johnson, R. I. Lynas, T. V. Bakewell, Frank Onslow, P. J. Mohr, W. A. Mitchell, Carl E. Anderson, T. L. Bolton, G. S. Mariner, E. H. McCandlish, C. W. Brock, R. I. Bentley Jr., T. G. Elliot, Walter Burckhalter, E. L. Taylor, P. D. Gaskill, G. D. Reynolds, E. W. Roland, Chas. Oliver, A. G. D. Kerrell, J. de P. Teller, C. E. Engvick, J. R. Hamilton, H. L. Perry, John McEwing, Chas. Dukes, W. F. Keene, C. J. Evans, B. M. Stich, C. H. Van Orden, M. McCurrie, E. E. Jones.

The action and incidents of *The Triumph of Bohemia* were unfolded in this wise:

The scene is a forest glade at the foot of a wooded hillside in moonlight. The tree-spirits are discovered sleeping. They toss in their slumber and appear perturbed. In the orchestra, music suggestive of the woodland calm is played by way of prelude. During the closing measures of this overture the First Tree-Spirit awakes slowly and half arises. He is obsessed with a sense of impending danger and, going about among the sleeping spirits, he rouses them with words expressive of alarm.

Inspirited by their leaders they sing a chorus of defiance to the powers of earth and air. This ended, the First Tree-Spirit speaks:

Brothers, your souls are wise, your hearts are strong—
Too strong to fear this menace of the night,
This formless peril of the traitorous dark.
Tho' such appear, we straight with baffling mirth
Shall drive it hence, with arrowy laughter pierce
Its futile mail. Let happiness be arms,
And merriment our refuge and our shield—
The merriment of leaves that shake for joy,
The merriment of brooks and rippling grass.
Ye Saplings, dance in maddest mockery
Of any hostile power that haunts the night!
Dance! for the winds compel your boughs in life!
Dance! for the fallen leaf must dance in death!

Here follows the *Dance of the Saplings* which lasts for several minutes. It is suddenly interrupted by the North-Wind motive in the orchestra (indicative of the cruel, cold, and rugged nature of the north-wind) followed by the appearance of the Spirit of the North-Wind. He is clad in garments of white fashioned to resemble icicles as are his hair and beard. On his head he wears a five-pointed crown, and on his breast shines a silver star. He carries a two-handed white sword and as he dashes at full speed down the inclined trail,

his silken drapery floats out behind him like a great white cloud. He threatens the tree-spirits with death, but, encouraged by their leaders, they defy him, and the Saplings momentarily abashed, resume their dance. Once more the North-Wind hurls his threats but, as the spirits are still defiant, he calls his allies to his aid. The first to appear is the Spirit of the South-Wind, preceded by his motive in the orchestra, rather morbid and malignant. The spirit of the South-Wind is garbed in yellow, on his breast a green snake, and he carries a golden sword with a wavy blade, his burnoose and cloak of yellow silk stream behind him as he flashes on the upper stage. He adds his threats to those of the North-Wind, but the tree-spirits still stand firm. The North-Wind now summons successively the Spirit of the West-Wind—who is bare-breasted, with wind-tossed locks and beard, and wears a blue cloak and carries a cutlass—the gray-clad figure of the Spirit of the East-Wind, and the Spirit of Time. Bearing his scythe this spirit enters slowly while the orchestra plays Time motive which portrays him as sombre in character with a tinge of the grotesque as though he were aware of his

ultimate victory over all things. The tree-spirits remain unawed and the North-Wind finally cries:

> Then, foolish Trees, one whom ye know too well
> Shall war with you. Wherefore do thou appear,
> O spirit and essential soul of Fire!

The Fire motive is played in the orchestra, intended in its opening measures to express the flickering of flames. At the highest point on the hillside, which hitherto has been shrouded in darkness, the Spirit of Fire appears in a burst of flame; the music changes to a rapid succession of interwoven scales; a jet of flames is seen to issue from the helmet of the Spirit of Fire; and the next instant he is bounding down the hillside. In his hand he carries a torch in the form of a scourge from which intermittent flames fly upward. Flames issue from his helmet again and again and leap from the earth along his path. His course lies in an almost straight line down the steep hillside, and in eight seconds he has reached a station just above the point where the Spirits of the Winds and Time are gathered. His costume is a mingling of orange and red tongues of flame, a gorget and short corslet of golden scale

WOODMEN—"THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA" (1907)

armor, golden sandals, and a helmet-like crown of polished metal fashioned in spicated rays resembling flames. With fierce flames pouring from his helmet and from his torch, he cries:

I come, whose hunger never yet had glut!

SPIRIT OF THE NORTH-WIND

Greeting, thou changeless terror that dost walk
By noon-day and by night! Behold thy prey!

SPIRIT OF FIRE

(Coming down to the Spirits of the Winds and Time.)
Madness and furious blood untamable
Do mix in me, till merciless I rage.
Before the vision of astonished men
I rear my flaming throne, and glare thereon,
Waking their tears, that cannot quench mine ire,
Hearing their groans, that soon my laughters fierce
Do drown; till, rushing onward from their fields
I grasp all swords of elemental pow'r
And drive my harnessed whirlwinds o'er the world—
Resistless tempests quickened by my wrath.

The Spirit of the North-Wind then calls upon the cloudy panoplies of heaven and darkness falls. The Spirits of the Winds, Time, and Fire advance upon the tree-spirits, Fire leading the way, fanned into violence by the cloaks of the Winds. The tree-spirits make ready to repel the assault, armed with

branches. The stage is darkened as they rush upon one another, and the conflict is represented chiefly by the music, augmented by thunder and lightning and the howling of the wind. As this comes to a close the stage gradually becomes bright with moonlight and the tree-spirits are seen grouped in the centre, their enemies having disappeared. The music that accompanies the conflict merges into the *Victory Chorus*, which the tree-spirits sing. Their rejoicing is hardly over when the sound of a distant horn is heard from the direction of the hill. The orchestra plays a slow march and a band of woodmen appears in the distance on the hillside. They are rudely clad in furs and carry broadaxes, mauls and torches. As they approach they begin to sing the *Care Song* and the tree-spirits, frightened by a peril more real than any that has yet threatened them, stealthily withdraw. The woodmen, being of a mind to camp in the glade and, therein, to pursue their vocation, make ready to build a shelter. They grasp their axes and turn toward a tree, but are arrested by the hooting of an owl. They gaze up the hillside where a great white owl may be seen flying in a spiral course toward them. It finally alights on the

lower hillside at the back of the stage and vanishes. At the point where the owl disappeared the Spirit of Bohemia, a naked youth, is seen. He carries in his hand a wand of gold surmounted by the figure of an owl. The woodmen fall back in astonishment. Bohemia calls for his forest children and the tree-spirits appear. One of them sings in recitative an aria invoking the aid of Bohemia against the threatened depredations of the woodmen. Bohemia arraigns the foresters for their lust to destroy, and bids them leave the grove. They repent their purposed sacrilege and yield allegiance to Bohemia whereupon he summons the Spirit of Fire. Once more Fire appears on the high hillside in a glow of colored light. Slowly and majestically he descends, still surrounded by the colored glow. His approach this time occupies two full minutes instead of eight seconds as in the first instance. During this time no word is spoken; the orchestra plays the first and slower part of the Fire motive. Fire declares his service to Bohemia in a speech beginning:

O Master, I shall light the ritual
And, splendid-robed, make bright the temple aisles.

The Spirits of the Winds and Time also swear fealty to Bohemia who prophesies years of happiness for his new priests and for their

sons to be,
Heirs to the light and love of future years,

when a prolonged and terrible laugh is heard issuing from the earth. The Care motive is heard in the orchestra; the doors of a cavern in the hillside open; a golden light streams forth and Mammon appears. He commands the woodmen to return to his service, but, faithful to their vows and secure in the protection of Bohemia and his allies, they scorn the words of the God of Gold. He then seeks to tempt them with promises of power, opulence, and bliss. They demand surety, whereupon Mammon strikes the earth with his sceptre, and the door of the cave from which he entered opens again, disclosing the interior bathed in a golden light. From the cave come four grey-bearded gnomes, bearing heavy bags, from which they scatter handfuls of gold at the feet of the woodmen.

MAMMON

Take these as tokens of the bliss to be
And hasten with me to my city lights.

BEHIND THE SCENES: MECHANISM FOR THE FLIGHT OF THE OWL—"THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA" (1907)

The woodmen stand uncertain, and gaze alternately upon Mammon and the Spirit of Bohemia.

MAMMON

Imagine now the pleasures that await!
The wild wine singing madly in your veins!
The white, permissive breasts! My splendid domes!
And ease unbroken in my marble courts!
That heavy ore shall make my livery light.
And purchase for you each his dearest wish.

SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

Nay, Mammon! for one thing it cannot buy.

MAMMON

What, then, cannot it buy?

SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

A happy heart!

FIRST WOODMAN

Is that the secret of thy worship, then,
Bohemia? Is happiness thy gift?

SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA

For lasting happiness we turn our eyes
To one alone, and she surrounds you now—
Great Nature, refuge of the weary heart,
And only balm to breasts that have been bruised!
She hath cool hands for every fevered brow,
And gentlest silence for the troubled soul.

Her counsels are most wise. She healeth well,
Having such ministry as calm and sleep,
She is most faithful. Other friends may fail,
But seek ye her in any quiet place,
And smiling, she will rise and give to you
Her kiss, nor tell you any woeful tale.
Entreat her, and she will deny you not;
Abandon her, and she will not pursue.
By gold ye shall not win her, nor by toil,
Nor ever at her side beholding walk
Save in that old simplicity of heart
Her primal lovers brought. So must ye come
As children, little children that believe,
Nor ever doubt her beauty and her faith,
Nor deem her tenderness can change or die.....
And I, my forest priests, am kin to her:
More happiness hath any day of mine
Than Mammon holds in heavy-hearted years.
I do not proffer lives of craven ease,
Nor tempt your hearts with vampire luxuries
And scarlet-cinctured sins. The gifts I grant
Are man's high heritage—clean toil and sleep,
Beauty, and all her voices in your souls,
And loving friends, and honorable days.

The woodmen kneel before Bohemia and their leader says:

O glad Bohemia,
Be thou the master of our happy hearts!

Mammon rushes down the hillside and challenges Bohemia to mortal combat. Bohemia

calls upon the unseen power and the great owl that heralded the coming of Bohemia sweeps down the hill. Mammon hears the rush of its wings, turns, and dies at its touch, the owl simultaneously disappearing. The Spirit of Bohemia, together with the leaders of the wood-spirits and woodmen and the Spirits of Fire, Time, and the Winds mount the lower hillside and gather about the body of Mammon. Bohemia stands with his foot on the prostrate form and speaks:

> See, betraying Death
> Hath changed that visage, and proclaims to all
> That where high Mammon stood and shook his mace,
> There, masked in undisclosing gold, stood Care!
> But come, O friends, and hale his body hence.
> Thou, Fire, shalt have thine utmost will of him,
> Till ye, O Winds, make merry with his dust.

Now, two white-robed figures appear at the highest point on the hill, and, with a blast from golden trumpets, sound the Bohemian motive. This begins the triumphal march and a procession of Bohemians in robes of red, white and black, carrying torches and led by two trumpeters, descend the hillside. Two bearers carry a bier covered with a pall. As the procession reaches the point where the

body of Mammon lies, the march merges into the final chorus, which is sung by the tree-spirits and woodmen. During the closing measures the hillside is brilliantly illuminated and the procession forms for the Cremation of Care.

THE SONS OF BALDUR

A Forest Music-Drama

(1908)

by Herman Scheffauer

Music by Arthur Weiss

Herman Scheffauer, Sire

The Sire's Announcement

From ruts and rounds of brazen-footed toil
Where souls flag heavily in howling marts
And peace is price of time, from counters gilt
As much with blood as sweat of bartering
And shocks endured when bruising Traffic binds
Your bodies to his maddened chariot-spokes,
From launching of new ships of enterprise
And arduous travail fixed in many spheres,
Unto the pure, thrice-sainted Grove your Sire

Now calls you straightly. Hearken and attend.
There gifted mimes shall show how Loki's hate,
Part of the web of fate the Norns had spun,
Wrought woe in Baldur's holy forest-fanes
Whither with all his sore-spent men of battle
Halmar the Stalwart to the wassail's cheer
And worship of the god had marched from war.
What fear and clamor falls upon the feast,
What terrors light the heavens with doom when crawls
The horrent Nidhugg o'er the burning world,
And how by mighty Baldur's lance the Scourge
Falls slaughtered in the moment of his power,
All this shall you behold. The magic wand
Of Weiss hath spelt a potent harmony
Of stormy tubes of thunder and soft reeds;
The Skald of our Norse fathers shall you hear
Chant nobly in these new-won, Western glades,
And glimpse the frail, white beauty of the Elves.

Yet lost were all the striving of our song
And the sweet passion of the strings, unless
In this our play the image you behold
Of our own selves, our rare, high brotherhood,
Our fealty to the worthy and the fair
And the old quest for healing grace that dwells
In Nature solely. We are Baldur's Sons.
Men of the Westland, come! but seek not here
Bare ribaldry nor clownish mummer-tricks,
For not by these are freed the thralls of Time.
Come with such singing in your souls as draws
Some holy pilgrimage to ancient shrines,—

So may your hearts be holpen is our prayer
And lessoned in the truth that brighter grows
Brother to brother binding, year to year.

Scheffauer, Sire.

The Cast

Urd, Norn of the Past — Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto
Verdandi, Norn of the Present — Mr. Newton J. Tharp
Skuld, Norn of the Future — Dr. Philip M. Jones
Baldur, the God of Summer and of Good — Mr. Charles J. Dickman
Loki, the God of Evil — Mr. Charles K. Field
Halmar, Chief of the Men of the Westland — Mr. H. McDonald Spencer
Hilding, a Scald — Mr. Mackenzie Gordon
Soothsayer — Mr. Roy Folger
A Wounded Warrior — Mr. T. Vail Bakewell
First Warrior — Mr. Allan Dunn
Second Warrior — Mr. Henry A. Melvin
Third Warrior — Mr. E. H. McCandlish
Fourth Warrior — Dr. H. B. Carlton
Fifth Warrior — Mr. Frank P. Deering
Sixth Warrior — Mr. Emerson Warfield
Seventh Warrior — Mr. Robert Newell
A Peasant — Mr. Charles G. Norris
Hilding's boy

THE CREMATION OF CARE (1907)

Warriors, Thralls, White Elves, Black Elves, Voices of Valkyries.

The Chorus

Messrs. E. D. Crandall (*Chorus Master*), C. E. Anderson, T. L. Bolton, F. L. Button, Dr. H. P. Carlton, P. S. Carlton, G. E. Engvick, P. D. Gaskill, G. S. Johnson, J. P. Jones, E. H. McCandlish, Paul J. Mohr, N. L. R. Oksen, C. H. Oliver, Dr. P. M. Wuillemin, Harris Allen, R. L. Countryman, G. W. Ellis, E. C. Little, A. M. Smith, Austin W. Sperry, W. H. Ham, F. E. Wilkins, Paul Otey, W. A. Mitchell, Robt. I. Lynas, R. B. Heath, John de P. Teller, Chas. A. Smith, R. E. Fisher, E. L. Taylor, Roy Smith, F. S. Chase, T. G. Elliott, C. J. Evans, W. F. Keene, A. G. D. Kerrell, Wm. Knowles, L. A. Larsen, A. F. Lawton, Matthew McCurrie, John McEwing, F. S. Mitchell, W. P. Neilson, Geo. Purlenky, Guy D. Reynolds, Eugene W. Roland, Benj. Romaine, Dr. B. M. Stich, J. R. Harry, E. M. Moore, W. H. Walkinshaw, E. E. Jones, Oscar Franck, Mark White.

Mr. Scheffauer, the author and sire of the grove-play for 1908, has furnished a synopsis of his drama which is here given in a slightly condensed form.

The scene opens mystically upon a region in the Land of Midgard. It is night, the moon faintly reveals the giant trees, the three Norns, or Norse Fates, are descried seated atop three great boulders whose faces are graven with runes. Preparations have been made for a feast, a rude table and great chair are visible. The trunks of the trees are decorated with skulls of horses and oxen, spears, shields, and skins. The Norns, in slow and fatalistic utterance, discourse of the past, present, and future, and the fate of men. The lines of Urd are as follows:

From the bourne of mist and gloom,
I come who command the Past.
Life and the Fruit of the Womb
Of Woman is mine at last.
Nor ever the gods shall mend
The mould in which Fate is cast;
I devour Beginning and End—
I am Urd, old Urd, the Past.

Verdandi, the Present, and Skuld, the Future, likewise speak and all three disappear in a flash of lightning which heralds the approach of Loki, the crafty Spirit of Evil, inflamed with wrath against men and their devotion to Baldur. Loki typifies, in some degree the spirit of Mammon, the arch enemy of Bohemian tradition. He is

red and naked with a huge serpent about his neck, and emerges from a rock which splits asunder. After a speech full of malignity, he throws the seed and instrument of evil in the shape of gold against the base of a tree and vanishes.

The First Warrior enters. He bids the thralls light the fires and prepare the feast. His horn blasts are answered from afar, and the *March of the Warriors* is heard as they approach chanting their battle hymn:

We come from the gory
Deathfield of the battle!
Glory to Odin Valfadur on high!
To red Thor be glory,
Whose hammer blows rattle
Breaking the helms when he storms
through the sky.
Valhalla! Valhalla!
To red Thor be glory,
Whose hammer blows rattle
Breaking the helms when he storms
through the sky.

The warriors returning from battle are to typify the Bohemians themselves come from the struggles and cares of every-day life. Halmar, the Stalwart, is their chieftain. He welcomes

them, embodying in his words the ideals of the Bohemians:

> Now the golden gage is ours
> Since we have wrested from the snares of Death
> Life and the right to life. Wherefore may Peace
> Sheathe our worn brands and Plenty bide with us,
> Plenty and Joy and brotherly content.
> Here, ever when the twelve-month's pageants pass
> And Summer and the midnight Summer moon
> Gleam goldenmost, haste we from fields of strife,
> From the red service of the thunderous Thor,
> Homage to yield to Odin's gentler son—
> Bright Baldur, God of Good and Happiness.

A venerable soothsayer speaks of the Ashtree of Life, of the Norns and of Nidhugg, the enemy of man, the horrid dragon in league with Loki, and invokes the blessing of Baldur.

The feast begins and a picturesque scene is made by the wassailing warriors. One of their number, slightly intoxicated, sings rousingly of wine and drinking, the chorus supporting him. He is followed by one who expresses the desire for Woman and sings in a softer, more sensuous strain. During the singing a wounded warrior attracts the attention of Halmar who bids the carousing cease and the warriors to drink—"not unto the living, drink unto the dead, and to the

THE SUNDAY MORNING CONCERT (1907)

dying!" The wounded warrior, draining his horn, sings the *Death Song*, two stanzas of which follow:

Mid brands that were flashing,
  Mid helms that were cleft,
My red blade went crashing—
  Behold what is left!
By Thor and his thunder,
  His battle-car's roll—
O, sword sprung asunder,
  Skoal to thee! Skoal!

The flesh and the fishes,
  The mead and the wine
Give you joy! but the dishes
  Of gods shall be mine.
The battle did break me,
  So Earth hath her dole,
O, death-maids, come take me!
  Skoal to you! Skoal!

He falls dead. Flashes are seen in the heavens and the calls of the Valkyries are heard. The warriors mourn over their comrade, and Halmar and the soothsayer speak movingly of death.

Soon after this episode the warriors find Loki's gold, a quarrel ensues, and a spectacular combat with swords takes place. Halmar parts the fighters and mourns that the sanctity of the

grove should have been disturbed. The convivial warrior, deep in his cups, sings mockingly to the fighters—"good wine is more than gold."

Enters presently a boy announcing Hilding, the skald, and the soothsayer points out to the warriors the value and significance of the skald to the tribe, after which Hilding enters. He is given greeting and drink and sings.

A strange trouble as of some impending danger soon after makes itself felt, and a few of the leading warriors peer anxiously into the depths of the woods. The finer soul of Hilding is keenly conscious of this boding sense of peril, and he voices his alarm in the line:

> Hark! all Alfheim runs and screams.

Faint twinkling lights and the fluttering robes of the White Elves in flight are seen in the foliage. Their wails are heard as they flee. The flight of these gentle spirits, the guardians of the grove, portends ill for all. Immediately after the Black Elves and trolls are heard pursuing the White Elves. The trolls are spirits subject to Loki. A warrior calls attention to the dull red glow which becomes visible in the Western skies. All are in doubt as to the meaning of this, but the soothsayer confounds them by declaring it to

be Ragnaroc, the Twilight of the Gods. The men groan and the glare glows brighter. Halmar exclaims in accents of resignation:

> On the hoar mountain-side by thunder carved,
> Slope to the fjord black where sea-hawks nest,
> I read in youth the runes that cannot lie—
> And true it is that Ragnaroc hath come.

After a colloquy between Halmar and the First Warrior, the glow constantly growing more vivid and fierce, the voice of a peasant is heard crying from the woods and a few moments later he rushes in, terror-stricken, and announces the approach of some dread monster. Halmar asks him which monster and the peasant replies:

> Nidhugg! From out the smoking sea he rose
> And lay upon the strand and shook his scales,
> And bellowed like a bull. Three leagues his length
> Rolled armed with claw and crest. Then heard I call
> The voice of Loki from the burning sward
> That redly flamed, while all the sea burned green—
> "Nidhugg, art here?" and thrice the dragon groaned—
> "Aye, father, at thy call thy son hath come."

Halmar cries out in joy that it is not Ragnaroc, and bids his men, "arouse and arm 'gainst Loki and his son." At this moment, the figure of Loki appears half way up the hill, surrounded by the

hellish glare of red. He exults over the wretched men and curses them in fiercest accents. Halmar defies him, and he and his comrades seek to reassure them. The men, cowed by Loki, still call on Baldur. At Halmar's behest, Hilding, the skald, sings a prayer to the god.

Now, amidst the increasing glare of the fire, the crash of toppling trees is heard as the dragon makes his way through the woods. As the prayer ends, and the flames leap up among the trees, the monster is seen crawling down the hillside, belching white mist and fire. He appears and disappears on the winding path in his descent. When the dragon has almost reached the level ground the shining form of Baldur, armed with two long silver spears, appears on a crag. The dragon spouting fire at the god, is slain. Baldur smiles upon his sons. The red glow dies down as the dragon perishes and a great golden glow begins to break about Baldur. Now a mighty paean of praise is lifted by the chorus. As the music and the light mount in a spectacular climax, the lights of the White Elves are seen returning in joyous dance. As the final hymn ends, Baldur vanishes. The head of Nidhugg, which had been severed by the swords of warriors, is placed in a litter and borne in a

AN ACADEMIC GROUP: MEMBERS OF THE FACULTIES OF CALIFORNIA AND STANFORD UNIVERSITIES

triumphal procession to be cremated as Care which is supposed to have been embodied in him.

Here Mr. Scheffauer's synopsis of his play ends.

Mr. Frank Mathieu, the stage master for *The Sons of Baldur* and the conductor of its rehearsals, is a man of considerable experience both in amateur and professional theatricals who has, also, a fine sense of the subtleties of the poetic drama and of interpretive reading which are matters of the greatest æsthetic importance in the grove-plays.

V—*Conclusion*

While on the literary side of these grove-plays there is an interesting quality of freshness curiously associated with classical tradition, the originality of treatment displayed in the text is matched with an equal originality in other phases of the entertainment. This is brought about, as has been pointed out before, largely by the physical characteristics of the setting. In this theatre, for which "God Almighty was our stage carpenter," as a certain member of the club once said, expediency as well as experience has been a great teacher. For example, the Bohemians have learned much about light effects. In some of the productions footlights have been omitted by men who never heard of Mr. Gordon Craig. With a background of natural foliage that drinks light, the effect of diffused light from open reflectors and of concentrated light from lenses differs wholly from their effect upon the ordinary objective planes. This applies, also, to the effect of colored lights one with another and upon the vegetation. The light plot, care-

fully devised in advance, is carried out with a single rehearsal on Friday night.

The Mechanical Factor

In the matter of properties, commercial methods, after being thoroughly tested, have been found inadequate to the peculiar conditions. In the Bohemian grove, the frankness of Nature undefiled demands frankness in such accessories as it may be necessary to introduce on the stage. *Papier maché*, tinsel, and other materials of the professional property men are used sparingly or not at all. It is by artists in the club that the properties for the grove-plays are usually designed and sometimes executed as well. Mr. George Lyon has displayed a rare faculty in such matters. The costumes are, also frequently designed by artist members, and mechanical devices to meet particular requirements are contrived by the men who direct the productions. Of these may be mentioned such appliances as the arrangement of canvas and bark that enabled the wood-spirits in *The Hamadryads* to emerge from the cores of what appeared to be solid trees; the luminous shaft of Apollo in the same production; or those by means of which in *The Triumph of Bohemia* the Spirit

of Fire emitted from his helmet and from his torch, at will, a burst of flame; those by which flames were made to leap from the ground at his footfalls; and, finally, those by which an owl was made to fly three times across the stage and, swooping down in a half circle, to alight at a particular spot, all with a semblance of life that was beyond criticism.

The tactics of the professional stage manager, unless he be of an adaptable nature, are more of a hinderance than a help in the Bohemian grove. In fact traditions of every kind are overthrown in this unique forest theatre which demands a new stage craft, a new technic and throws the old methods—from "cross stage to right" to "*exit* L. U. E."—out of court.

Acting and Interpretation

It is proper to class among the remarkable things that have been brought about by these essays of the Bohemian Club an admirable interpretive quality in the acting of some of the principals in the grove-plays. Amateurs who, through lack of experience or on account of temperamental tendencies, are disposed to ignore the advice of Hamlet in his instructions to the players as much as the majority of Hamlets, are subdued

THE SIRE AND HIS ASSISTANTS—"THE HAMADRYADS" (1904)

into commendable repression by the influence of poetry realized in its setting. Methods that appeal little to the average spectator and which, for that reason, are the more to be extolled, are gradually finding expression in the acting of Bohemian players who wot not of "cantalation" nor of Mr. Yeats's experiments, and to whom Nietzsche's canons of the stage are as foreign as pfaffians. In rendering some of the verse that has been written for the Bohemian grove they have displayed a simplicity, a *verecundia* that has helped the poetry and the play to be remembered as can never be the case when the over-emphasis of the moment stirs the superficial emotions leaving the deeper ones untouched.

At the time when the creative impulses that stir in the soil of this far Western country with its smiling Italian skies and with the atmosphere of the youth of the world; a land hospitable to the seeds of art which, even amid the weeds of provincialism and the worms of bourgeois bigotry and ignorance, give promise of blossoms with something of the fineness and rarity of old-world flowers—one cannot but speculate upon the destiny of this interesting exotic, the Bohemian Club grove-play. Has it said all that it has to say? Is the spell of *The Hamadryads,* the

sustained charm of *The Triumph of Bohemia* to be reached again or surpassed? Will the balance between the various factors—the dramatic, the musical, and the spectacular—be maintained, or will the zeal of the actor, of the musician, or of the artist—tend, by forcing an over-emphasis upon one of these factors, to formulate a new type or cause a reversion to an old one? Should either of these things occur the grove-plays will undoubtedly lose the distinction that they now have and become mere reflections of other forms of stage presentation.

As yet neither professionalism nor publicity has contaminated the grove performances. The only persons that see the productions are the members and the holders of visitors' cards (to which only non-residents of California are entitled). Other than these, a few special guests, and the employees of the club, no one has ever seen the performance of a grove-play except, of course, the inevitable intruder who comes usually under the cover of darkness. This is mentioned because of the fact that a performance given for the benefit of a limited number, and for which tickets cannot be purchased at any price, has a direct psychological bearing upon the character of the thing produced. Thus the man who writes

a play, or who composes music for the Bohemian Club, does it first for the club and second for the pleasure of his own group of friends in the club. It is performed and, although the text is printed in the programme, it is not published; the world never sees it.

Plays put forth in this way, with no thought of the world's praise, may truthfully be said to be produced in the amateur spirit; it may, indeed, be called the amateur spirit in its highest expression excepting, perhaps, certain forms of anonymity. It was this amateur spirit that gave birth to the early jinks; it was in the amateur spirit that they have developed through the years to their present scope and importance; and it is in the amateur spirit only that they can be held up to their highest standards.

Since 1903 it has been the practice of the club to give a single public concert in the city each year shortly after the midsummer encampment. At these affairs excerpts from the score of the grove-play are performed and certain illustrative passages from the book are read.

Tendencies

Various tendencies have from time to time shown themselves. For example, repetitions of

the plays both in the grove and in the city have been urged; the admission of women to the club festivals has been discussed as has their participation in the performances; special presentations to which women might be invited have been proposed. It is this complex condition, together with the necessarily limited number of poets and musicians capable of upholding the best traditions of the club, that makes the future of these festivals so much a matter of uncertainty.

The greatest danger, as before suggested, is that they will degenerate into more or less commonplace drama or opera. Like water that has been carried to a height it will sink to its own level the moment the force that has driven it upward is withdrawn. So with the grove-play; having its origin in the drama it has been swept, one might say, by "the supreme interference of beauty," in a series of concatenated creative impulses into what is as much entitled to the name of a new art form as the Wagnerian music-drama. It remains to be seen whether or not it will revert to the parent stock and be lost as a distinct *genre*.

Ideally it should be poetic not only in treatment but in conception; the musical element should not be melodramatic, but conceived in the

same poetic spirit; and the whole interpreted discreetly by action and spectacle.

With these qualities the Bohemian grove-play gives to those who react to its spirit, who sense it in its relation to its environment, and who register its implications,—an impression of what can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a mysterious, inspiring, and unforgettable dream.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Chronological List of Jinks (1872-1908)

The following list has been compiled chiefly from the club records which are by no means complete. Care has been taken to verify doubtful points by personal interviews with members and by correspondence. It is hoped that, by these precautions, errors and omissions have been reduced to a minimum. It is too much to expect, however, that no mistake has crept in, and should any member detect such he will confer a favor upon the writer by communicating with him.

The title, "Musical Sire," used in this table, was selected because the more specific title, "Musical Director," might be misleading. Members in charge of the music at the various entertainments of the club may do no more than arrange a programme and play accompaniments, or they may compose the music for a grove-play and conduct the orchestra.

Only jinks, or entertainments presided over by a sire are here listed. Such affairs as the dinner

to Tomasso Salvini, the reception to Sir Henry Irving, etc., although partaking of the character of jinks are omitted. Accounts of these entertainments will be found in *The Annals of The Bohemian Club,* by Captain Robert Howe Fletcher. The list follows:

1872

Nov. 30—Tom Moore and Offenbach—Sire, Daniel O'Connell.

Dec. 28—Christmas Jinks—Sire, James F. Bowman.

1873

Feb. 22—Tom Hood—Sire, Frank G. Newlands.

March 29—William Makepeace Thakeray—Sire, Thomas Newcomb.

April 27—William Shakespeare—Sire, Harry Edwards.

May 31—Hebrew and German Poets—Sire, Paul Neumann.

June 28—A Tennyson Night—Sire, James F. Bowman.

July 26—The Wits of the State—Sire, W. H. Rhodes.

Aug. 25—Charles Dickens—Sire, Joseph C. Ford.

Sept. 27—The Poets That Have Sung of the Sea—Sire, George T. Bromley.

Oct. 25—In Memoriam of Byron—Sire, R. Beverly Cole.

Nov. 29—The Poets That Have Sung of the Battlefield—Sire, W. H. L. Barnes.

Dec. 27—Christmas Jinks: Dr. Watts—Sire, J. G. Eastman.

1874

Jan. 31—Walter Scott—Sire, E. D. Wheeler.

Feb. 28—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—Sire, C. T. Deane.

March 28—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—Sire, James F. Bowman.

May 30—Unknown Authors—Sire, A. S. Bender.

June 27—Social Low Jinks—Low Jinks Committee: George T. Bromley, D. P. Belknap, Joseph C. Ford.

July 25—The Ballad Writers—Sire, Samuel C. Osbourne.

Aug. 29—The Minnesongs of Germany—Sire, Barton Hill.

Sept. 26—James Fennimore Cooper—Sire, John Clare Cremony.

Oct. 28—Ladies' High Jinks—Jinks Committee.

Nov. 28—Epigrams—Sire, John W. Dwinell.

Dec. 30—Santa Ulula—Sire, Thomas Newcomb; Musical Sire, Harry O. Hunt.

1875

Jan. 30—Robert Burns—Sire, Smyth Clark.

Feb 27—Poets, Orators, and Wits of Old Ireland—Sire, Stuart M. Taylor; Musical Sire, Joseph Maguire.

April 3—A Bowl of Punch—Sire, Harry Edwards.

May 5—Ladies' Reception—Sire, Joseph C. Ford; Musical Sire, John Trehane.

May 29—Songs of the Bacchanals and Buccaneers—Sire, Daniel O'Connell.

June 26—Women Poets—Sire, William Harney; Musical Sire, J. E. Tippett.

July 31—The World Which We Inhabit From a Bohemian Point of View—Sires, George T. Bromley and C. W. Lightner; Musical Sire, E. Louis Goold, Jr.

Aug. 28—Music—Sire, Stephen W. Leach; Musical Sire, Alfred Kelleher.

Oct. 26—Ladies' Music Reception—Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Nov. 27—Dean Swift—Sire, R. K. Nuttall.

Dec. 22—"A Merry Christmas," a Farce—Sire, Virgil Williams.

1876

Jan. 29—A Bohemian Lobscouse—Sire, George T. Bromley; Musical Sire, Joseph Maguire.

Feb. 26—Unknown Subjects—Unknown Sires.

April 1—Oliver Goldsmith—Sire, D. P. Belknap.

April 26—Ladies' High Jinks: Women Who Have Written—Sire, Lauren E. Crane; Musical Sire, Henry C. Ruhl.

May 27—Representative Men of the Period—Sire, H. H. Behr; Musical Sire, William P. Edwards.

June 24—Irish Wit and Humor—Sire, Jennings S. Cox; Musical Sire, George T. Evans.

July 29—Doctors—Sire, Benjamin R. Swan; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Aug. 26—Pastimes and Merrymakings—Sire, Andrew McFarland Davis; Musical Sire, E. Louis Goold, Jr.

Oct. 1—Nathaniel Hawthorn and William Vincent Wallace—Sire, Charles A. Low; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

Oct. 28—Old Jokes, etc.—Sire, Daniel O'Connell; Musical Sire, Harry O. Hunt.

Nov. 25—George D. Prentice's Poetry and Paragraphs—Sire, Hugh M. Burke; Musical Sire, Samuel D. Mayer.

Dec. 24—Christmas Jinks: Something Different—Sires, H. H. Behr and George T. Bromley; Musical Sire, Harry O. Hunt.

Feb. 24—No subject—Sire, George T. Bromley.

1877

April 4—William W. Story—Sire, E. D. Wheeler; Sires, Stephen W. Leach and George J. Gee.

April 29—William Shakespeare—Sire, Harry Edwards; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

May 12—Judicial Jinks—Sire, Frank M. Pixley.

May 26—English Music—Sire, Stephen W. Leach; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

June 30—An Ideal Bohemia—Fred M. Somers; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

Sept. 1—Heroism—Sire, George T. Bromley; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Sept. 29—Commercial High Jinks—Sire, E. L. G. Steele; Musical Sire, H. M. Bosworth.

Oct. 27—Wolfgang Goethe and Friedrich Schiller—Sire, Stuart M. Taylor; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Dec. 1—Dreams—Sire, Barbour T. Lathrop; Musical Sires, Stephen W. Leach and George J. Gee.

Dec. 29—Christmas Jinks: Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul—Sire, Harry Edwards.

1878

Jan. 26—London Literary Celebrities—Sire, Franklin Philp; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

Feb. 23—Charles Lamb—Sire, Caspar Schenck; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

March 30—Nothing—Sire, Walter G. Holmes.

April 27—Artemus Ward—Sire, A. D. Bradley; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

May 31—Ladies' High Jinks: Sweethearts and Wives—Sire, Charles Warren Stoddard; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

June 29— FIRST MIDSUMMER JINKS
HARRY EDWARDS, SIRE

July 27—Free and Easy, or Pipe and Tobacco Harmonic Meeting—Jinks Committee.

Aug. 31—The Pyramids—Sire, J. C. Williamson.

Oct. 5—Socrates—Sire, Henry N. Clement; Musical Sire, Henry Heyman.

Nov. 2—Gourmandise—Sire, Alexander G. Hawes; Musical Sire, J. E. Tippett.

Nov. 30—Thanksgiving Jinks—Sire, William W. Morrow.

Dec. 28—Christmas Jinks—Sire, R. C. Rogers; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Chronological List of Jinks

1879

March 1—Fine Arts—Sire, John H. Boalt; Musical Sire, J. E. Tippett.

March 29—Wit, Wisdom, and Wickedness—Sire, Lucius H. Foote; Musical Sire, E. Louis Goold, Jr.

May 3—Nursery Rhymes—Sire, J. King Goodrich; Musical Sire, Oscar Herold.

May 28—Ladies' High Jinks: Bric-a-Brac—Sire, Frank L. Unger; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

June 28— SECOND MIDSUMMER JINKS
As You Like It
Hugh M. Burke, Sire
Walter G. Holmes, Musical Sire

Sept. 6—Spirits—Sire, Clay M. Greene; Musical Sire, Charles M. Dungan.

Nov. 1—Go-as-you-please High Jinks—Sire, Charles A. Low; Musical Sire, Henry Heyman.

Nov. 29—Thanksgiving Jinks—Sire, A. M. Wilder; Musical Sire, David W. Loring.

Dec. 27—Christmas Jinks—Sire, R. C. Rogers; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

1880

Feb. 7—On the Flying Jib-Boom—Sire, Robert Howe Fletcher; Musical Sire, George J. Gee.

March 27—The Army and Navy—Sire, T. H. F. Robertson; Musical Sire, Henry Heyman.

May 29—The World, the Flesh, and the Devil—Sire, Edward Field; Musical Sire, David W. C. Nesfield.

June 26—Babies' High Jinks—Sire, Paul Neumann.

July 24— THIRD MIDSUMMER JINKS
W. H. L. Barnes, Sire

Aug. 28—Ladies' High Jinks: Home, Sweet Home—Sire, Raoul Martinez.

Nov. 6—Truth—Sire, H. K. Moore; Musical Sire, H. M. Bosworth.

Dec. 4—The Devil—Sire, Harry J. Brady; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach: Low Jinks—Sire, Samuel C. Osbourne.

Dec. 30—Christmas Jinks: Illusions—Sire, John H. Boalt; Musical Sire, Harry O. Hunt.

1881

Jan. 29—Ignorance—Sire, Maxmilian Taubles.

Feb. 26—Old and New—Sire, Irving M. Scott; Musical Sire, Louis Schmidt.

April 1—Water—Sire, D. P. Belknap; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

May 28—Waltonian Jinks—Sire, Charles Josselyn; Musical Sire, J. E. Tippett.

June [?]— FOURTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
James F. Bowman, Sire
Frank L. Unger, Musical Sire

Oct. 1—Journalistic High Jinks—Sire, M. G. Upton, Musical Sire, Henry C. Ruhl.

Oct. 29—Frauds—Sire, Walter Turnbull; Musical Sire, J. E. Tippett.

Nov. 26—The Elysian Fields—Sire, Peter Robertson; Musical Sire, E. W. Reuling.

Dec. 28—Christmas Jinks: The Absent—Sire, Alexander G. Hawes; Musical Sires, Stephen W. Leach and Raoul Martinez.

1882

Feb. 1—Ladies' High Jinks: *That* Club—Sire, Hugh M. Burke; Musical Sire, E. Louis Goold, Jr.

Feb. 25—Auld Lang Syne—Sire, Clay M. Greene; Musical Sire, H. M. Bosworth.

April 1—Bachelors—Sire, Leonard Chenery; Musical Sire, Charles B. Stone.

May 6—A Jinks Without a Name—Sire, John Howson.

May 27—Gossip—Sire, Crittenden Thornton; Musical Sire, Charles A. Low.

June 24—Night—Sire, Horace G. Platt; Musical Sire, David W. Loring.

July 29— FIFTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
JOYS THAT WE'VE TASTED
GEORGE T. BROMLEY, SIRE
STEPHEN W. LEACH, MUSICAL SIRE

Sept 30—Dogs—Sire, George Chismore; Musical Sire, Charles A. Low.

Nov. 25—Our Old Mistresses—Sire, Daniel O'Connell; Musical Sire, Joseph D. Redding.

Dec. 30—Christmas Jinks: Love—Sire, Paul Neumann; Musical Sire, E. Louis Goold, Jr.

1883

March 3—Clubs—Sire, Clarence R. Greathouse; Musical Sire, Benjamin Clark.

April 4—Ladies' High Jinks: What Shall We Do With Our Wives?—Sire, Harry J. W. Dam; Musical Sire, J. A. Darling.

May 5—Anniversary Jinks: The Old Curiosity Shop—Sire, George T. Bromley; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

June 23— SIXTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
PAUL NEUMANN, SIRE

Sept. 1—Newspaper Jinks—Sire, Barbour T. Lathrop; Musical Sire, Charles B. Stone. Low Jinks: Journalism in Its True Aspects—Sire, Joseph D. Redding.

Sept. 29—Sleep—Sire, W. E. Brown; Musical Sire, Samuel D. Mayer.

Dec. 29—Christmas Jinks—Sire, W. H. L. Barnes; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

1884

March 1—Truth—Sire, Hugh M. Burke; Musical Sire, Harry O. Hunt.

June 28—Cranks—Sire, Andrew McFarland Davis; Musical Sire, David W. Loring.

Chronological List of Jinks

Aug. 9— SEVENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
STUART M. TAYLOR, SIRE

Nov. 29—Thanksgiving Jinks—Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Dec. 27—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Stuart M. Taylor; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

1885

Feb. 28—Notoriety—Sire, E. G. Peters; Musical Sire, S. Freidenrich.

April 7—Ladies' High Jinks: The Muses—Sire, Joseph D. Redding; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

July 25— EIGHTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, SIRE
STEPHEN W. LEACH, MUSICAL SIRE

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving Jinks: Memories—Sire, E. F. Preston; Musical Sire, Samuel D. Mayer.

Dec. 26—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Benjamin R. Swan; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

1886

May 22—Utopia—Sire, James D. Phelan; Musical Sire, Henry Heyman.

July 17— NINTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
GEORGE CHISMORE, SIRE
STEPHEN W. LEACH, MUSICAL SIRE

LOW JINKS
Clay M. Greene, Sire

Aug. 28—The Drama—Sire, Clay M. Greene; Musical Sire, Stephen W. Leach.

Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Jinks: Is Life Worth Living?—Sire, Robert Howe Fletcher.

Dec. 31—Christmas Jinks—Sire, George Chismore.

1887

March 19—Musical Jinks—Sire, Henry Heyman. Low Jinks—Sire, Joseph D. Redding.

July 23— TENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
PETER ROBERTSON, SIRE.

Oct. 8—Vanity Fair—Sire, George W. Nagle.

Dec. 30—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Benjamin R. Swan; Musical Sires, Henry Heyman, H. J. Stewart, and Stephen W. Leach.

1888

Aug. 18— ELEVENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
THE CONVENTION
JAMES D. PHELAN, SIRE
H. J. STEWART, MUSICAL SIRE

Dec. 29—Christmas Jinks: Castles in the Clouds—Sire, George T. Bromley; Musical Sire, J. H. Rosewald.

1889

May 18—First Born Jinks—Sire, W. H. L. Barnes; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: The Influence of Fun on the Human Family—Sire, George T. Bromley.

July 27— TWELFTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
THE PRAISES OF PAN
DANIEL O'CONNELL, SIRE
H. J. STEWART, MUSICAL SIRE

Nov. 2—The Wooing of the Muses—Sire, John Lathrop.

Dec. 28—Christmas Jinks: Our Ancestors—Sire, Peter Robertson; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

1890

March 29—Things We Do Not Understand—Sire, M. H. Myrick. Low Jinks: Things in General—Sire, George T. Bromley.

July 26— THIRTEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
E. B. POMROY, SIRE
H. S. STEWART, MUSICAL SIRE

Nov. 1—Don Quixote—Sire, E. L. G. Steele; Musical Sire, J. H. Rosewald. Low Jinks—Sire, Alfred Bouvier.

Dec. 27—Christmas Jinks—Sire, J. M. McDonald.

1891

Feb. 28—High Jinks—Sire, Solly H. Walter. Low Jinks—Sire, J. Denis Arnold.

July 18—FOURTEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
J. DENIS ARNOLD, SIRE

LOW JINKS
GEORGE T. BROMLEY, SIRE

Oct. 10—Ins and Outs—Sire, Horace G. Platt; Musical Sire, J. H. Rosewald.

Dec. 26—Christmas Jinks—Sire, James D. Phelan. Low Jinks: Shy Shy, or the Emperor's Sister (farce).

1892

Sept. 3— FIFTEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
THE FESTIVAL OF THE LEAVES
(Buddha Jinks)
FRED M. SOMERS, SIRE
H. J. STEWART, MUSICAL SIRE

Dec. 31—Christmas Jinks: The Discovery of Bohemia —Sire, Albert Gerberding; Musical Sire, J. H. Rosewald. Low Jinks—Sire, George E. P. Hall.

1893

March 25—Clients *vs.* Lawyers—Sire, Jere Lynch; Musical Sire, Henry Heyman. Low Jinks—Sire, Gaston M. Ashe.

Aug. 5— SIXTEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
THE SACRIFICE IN THE FOREST
(Druid Jinks)
JOSEPH D. REDDING, SIRE

LOW JINKS
Donald de V. Graham and Louis Sloss, Sires.

Dec. 30—Christmas Jinks: St. Nicholas—Sire, Albert Gerberding; Musical Sire, J. H. Rosewald. Low Jinks—Sire, Willard Barton.

Chronological List of Jinks

1894

May 12—Ye Olden Colonial Days—Sire, William Greer Harrison; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: Ye Fakirs Faked —Sire, William G. Stafford.

Aug. 18—SEVENTEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
A Gypsy Camp
Peter Robertson, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Sire

Low Jinks
Picnic of the Tralaloo Club
James M. Hamilton, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Sire

Dec. 29—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Horace G. Platt. Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks—Sire, Charles Josselyn.

1895

Feb. 28—The Divinity of Art—Sire, Solly H. Walter; Musical Sire, J. H. Rosewald.

May 30—Misfits—Sire, William Center.

Aug. 3—EIGHTEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
Vanderlynn Stow, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Sire

Low Jinks
Albert Gerberding, Sire
Joseph D. Redding, Musical Sire

Nov. 2—Trilby Jinks—Sire, Donald de V. Graham; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

Dec. 28—Christmas Jinks—Sire, George T. Bromley; Musical Sire, Henry Heyman. Low Jinks—Sire, Henry W. Dimond.

1896

May 23—Problems—Sire, Julius Rosenstirn. Low Jinks: The Devil Up to Date—Sire, Hugo Toland.

Aug. 22—NINETEENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
SHAKESPEARE JINKS
ALBERT GERBERDING, SIRE

LOW JINKS
A. C. Hellman, Sire
Theodor Vogt, Musical Sire

Oct. 31—United Service Jinks—Sire, Sydney A. Cloman; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks—Sire, Thomas F. Ruhm; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

Dec. 20—Christmas Jinks—Sire, George Chismore; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: "The Christmas Nightmare," by Gelett Burgess—Sire, H. J. Stewart.

1897

May 29—The Staff of Life—Sire, George H. Powers; Musical Sire, Samuel D. Mayer. Low Jinks—Sire, George T. Bromley.

July 24— TWENTIETH MIDSUMMER JINKS
FAUST JINKS
H. J. STEWART, SIRE

Low Jinks
Charles J. Dickman, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Sire

Dec. 18—Christmas Jinks—Sire, William Sproule; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: The Second Born—Sire, M. A. Newell; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

1898

July 23—TWENTY-FIRST MIDSUMMER JINKS
Days of Long Ago
Donald de V. Graham, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Sire

Low Jinks
Fun in the Asylum
Henry Dimond, Sire

Oct. 22—The Weather—Sire, Josiah R. Howell; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: Minstrelsy—Sire, Thomas Rickard; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

Dec. 17—Christmas Jinks—Sire, James A. Thompson; Musical Sire, Wallace A. Sabin. Low Jinks: "A Bunch of Bananas"—Sire, J. C. Wilson.

1899

April 1—The True Bohemia—Sire, Clay M. Greene; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: Fools—Sire, Louis Sloss.

July 22— TWENTY-SECOND MIDSUMMER JINKS
Rip Van Winkle Jinks
Robert Howe Fletcher, Sire
James Graham, Musical Sire

Low Jinks
La Vie de Bohême
James H. Graham, Sire

Dec. 23—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Vanderlynn Stow; Musical Sire, Wallace A. Sabin. Low Jinks—Sire, A. M. Newell.

1900

Aug. 11—TWENTY-THIRD MIDSUMMER JINKS
Albert Gerberding, Sire

Low Jinks
J. C. Wilson, Sire

Oct. 13—The Grape: Its Juices, Uses, and Abuses—Sire, William Sproule.

Dec. 23—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Vanderlynn Stow; Musical Sire, Wallace A. Sabin.

1901

May 15—Others—Sire, Frank P. Deering.

Aug. 3— TWENTY-FOURTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
The Enigma of Life
J. Denis Arnold, Sire

LOW JINKS
Charles B. Sloan, Sire

Nov. 2—Ships That Pass in the Night—Sire, Edgar D. Peixotto.

Dec. 28—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Frank P. Deering. Low Jinks: On the Klondyke—Sire, Edgar Mizner.

1902

Aug. 16—TWENTY-FIFTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
FIRST GROVE-PLAY
THE MAN IN THE FOREST
BY CHARLES K. FIELD
MUSIC BY JOSEPH D. REDDING
RICHARD M. HOTALING, SIRE
JOSEPH D. REDDING, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

LOW JINKS
Orrin Peck, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Sire

Dec. 27—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Frank P. Deering. Low Jinks: "Christmas in Hell", by Gelett Burgess—Sire, Gelett Burgess; Musical Sire, W. J. McCoy.

1903

Aug. 3—TWENTY-SIXTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
SECOND GROVE-PLAY
MONTEZUMA
BY LOUIS ROBERTSON

Music by H. J. Stewart
Louis Robertson, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Director

Low Jinks
Mazuma
by Porter Garnett
Music by W. J. McCoy
Porter Garnett, Sire
W. J. McCoy, Musical Director

Oct. 21—Bret Harte Jinks—Sire, C. S. Aiken; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

Dec. 19—Christmas Jinks—Sire, James D. Phelan; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart. Low Jinks: Abe Hur, by Will Irwin—Sire, Will Irwin; Musical Director, Wallace A Sabin.

1904

May 7—High Jinks: Faculty Night—Sire, Benjamin Ide Wheeler; Musical Sire, Burbank Somers. Low Jinks: "Ralph Roister Doister" (*circa* 1534-41) by Nicholas Udall.

Aug. 20— TWENTY-SEVENTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
Third Grove-Play
The Hamadryads; A Masque of Apollo
by Will Irwin
Music by W. J. McCoy
J. Wilson Shiels, Sire

W. J. McCoy, Musical Director

Low Jinks
The Inimitable Itinerants
by Ernest Simpson
Ernest Simpson, Sire
Paul Steindorff, Musical Director.

Oct. 29—Wanderers in Bohemia—Jinks Committee; Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

Dec. 11—Christmas Jinks—Sire, James D. Phelan; Musical Sire, Edward F. Schneider. Low Jinks: "Who'll Buy My Lavender" (Pantomime), by Chester Bailey Fernald, music by Theodor Vogt—Sire, Chester Bailey Fernald; Musical Director, Theodor Vogt.

1905

Aug. 12— TWENTY-EIGHTH MIDSUMMER JINKS

Fourth Grove-Play
The Quest of the Gorgon
by Newton J. Tharp
Music by Theodor Vogt
Newton J. Tharp, Sire
Theodor Vogt, Musical Director

Low Jinks
Sybil and the Gorgonzola
Russell J. Cool, Sire
H. J. Stewart, Musical Director

Dec. 23—Christmas Jinks—Sire, Willard Barton; Musical Sire, Wallace A. Sabin. Low Jinks. "Seventeen Years After" (Pantomime), by Chester Bailey Fernald; Music by H. J. Stewart—Sire, Chester Bailey Fernald; Musical Director, H. J. Stewart.

1906

Aug. 4— TWENTY-NINTH MIDSUMMER JINKS
FIFTH GROVE-PLAY
BY CHARLES K. FIELD
MUSIC BY H. J. STEWART
CHARLES K. FIELD, SIRE
H. J. STEWART, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Dec. 22—Christmas Jinks—"The Conquest of the Philistines," by Porter Garnett. Music by Wallace A. Sabin—Sire, Frederic W. Hall. Musical Director, Wallace A. Sabin.

1907

April 27—Redivivus Jinks—"Hartmann & Son," by J. Wilson Shiels, and "Salome," a Travesty, by Allan Dunn—Sire, Allan Dunn. Musical Sire, Emil Bruguiere.

July 27— THIRTIETH MIDSUMMER JINKS
SIXTH GROVE-PLAY
THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA
BY GEORGE STERLING

Music by Edward F. Schneider
George Sterling, Sire
Edward F. Schneider, Musical Director
Cremation of Care
By A. R. Hardin
Music by Theodor Vogt

Nov. 23—Neophyte Jinks: "The Triumph of Booze," by Charles G. Norris—Sire, Charles G. Norris. Musical Sire, Arthur Weiss.

1908

Jan. 4—Christmas Jinks: Sire, Frederic W. Hall. Musical Sire, W. J. McCoy. Low Jinks: Juvenile Jinks—Sire, Charles B. Sloan. Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

May 13—Days of '49 Jinks—Sire, Charles S. Aiken. Musical Sire, H. J. Stewart.

Aug. 8— THIRTY-FIRST MIDSUMMER JINKS
Seventh Grove-Play
The Sons of Baldur
By Herman Scheffauer
Music by Arthur Weiss
Herman Scheffauer, Sire
Arthur Weiss, Musical Director